

THE LIVING AGE.

No. 887.—1 June, 1861.

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THE HOUR HAS COME.

THE hour has come; the cloud which slowly
gathered
O'er heaven's blue,
Has thundered loudly, and with lightning flashes,
Is riven through.

E'en now it wraps its folds of darkness round us;
Along our shore
The trampling of the feet of many thousands
Sounds evermore.

Not vainly brave our fathers lived and suffered;
The holy dead
Speak now among us, and their glorious mantles
On us are shed.

When the first cannon woke the sleeping echoes
On Charleston Bay,
Men looked, and lo! the murky sky above them
Was streaked with gray.

And when the sculptured hand of him who
saved us
In days gone by,
Held forth the flag, which in the roar of battle
Was lifted high,*

The cheer then raised by many hearts and voices,
Winds wafted far and wide,
And the valleys and the mountains and the
forests
Of our free land replied;

And the wild waves which ever break in music
Along our shore,
Shook their white crests, and with the voice of
thousands,
Mixed their exultant roar.

Though there is sadness, and a voice of mourn-
ing,
When men must die,
And tears are shed like rain, and hearts are
bleeding
Where'er they lie,

Go forth! go forth! ye men of Massachusetts!
Go like true, noble men,
Though some may never see beloved faces,
Dear voices hear again.

Go in the strength of God, of truth, of justice;
Tread where your fathers trod;
And look above, where o'er the darksome
shadows,
Reigneth a loving God.

Salem, Mass., April 23, 1861.

—*Transcript.*

* At the immense Union meeting in New York, April 20th, Major Anderson was present, and the flag which was over Fort Sumter during its bombardment, was placed in the hand of the statue of Washington.

THE FLAG.

WHY flashed that flag on Monday morn
Across the startled sky?
Why leapt the blood to every cheek,
The tears to every eye?
The hero in our four months' woe,
The symbol of our might,
Together sunk for one brief hour,
To rise forever bright.

The mind of Cromwell claimed his own,
The blood of Naseby streamed
Through hearts unconscious of the fire,
Till that torn banner gleamed.
The seeds of Milton's lofty thoughts,
All hopeless of the spring,
Burst forth in joy as through them glowed
The life great poets sing.

Old Greece was young and Homer true,
And Dante's burning page
Flamed in the red along our flag,
And kindled holy rage.
God's gospel cheered the sacred cause,
In stern, prophetic strain,
Which makes his right our covenant,
His psalms our deep refrain.

Oh, sad for him whose light went out
Before this glory came,
Who could not live to feel his kin
To every noble name:
And sadder still to miss the joy
That nineteen millions know,
In human nature's holiday
From all that makes life low.

—*Transcript.*

ARCHBISHOP LEIGHTON.

A FRAIL, slight form — no temple he
Grand for abode of Deity;
Rather a bush inflamed with grace,
And trembling in a desert place,
And unconsumed with fire,
Though burning high and higher.

And with the fine pale shadow, wrought
Upon his cheek by years of thought,
And lines of weariness and pain,
And looks that long for home again;
So went he to and fro
With step infirm and slow.

A frail, slight form, and pale with care,
And paler from the raven hair
That folded from a forehead free,
Godlike of breadth and majesty—
A brow of thought supreme
And mystic, glorious dream.

Beautiful spirit! fallen, alas,
On times when little beauty was;
Still seeking peace amid the strife,
Still working, weary of thy life,
Toiling in holy love,
Panting for heaven above.

—*"Bishop's Walk," by Orwell.*

From The Edinburgh Review.

The Personal History of Lord Bacon. From unpublished MSS. By Wm. Hepworth Dixon. London: 1861.

It is not the first time that the pages of this journal have been devoted to an examination of the charges which weigh upon the character of Lord Bacon, and compel us to believe that the man who stands forth to all ages as the noblest representative of England's intellect, is not the noblest representative of her public virtue. The cause was argued at our assize long ago,* when no less a man than Basil Montagu was the advocate of the great chancellor, and no less a judge of historical evidence than Lord Macaulay rejected and refuted the defence of that enthusiastic biographer. It may well be that this great problem of the union of the highest intellectual powers with acts of incredible moral meanness and baseness, still exercises an irresistible attraction over the mind of many a student of history and of mankind; another generation has sprung up in the interval, and more accurate and extensive researches into the State Papers and Council Registers of Elizabeth and James, have somewhat augmented the evidence bearing upon Bacon's life. Mr. Hepworth Dixon, with this evidence in his hands, calls upon the world to reject its former conclusions, and to reverse our former sentence. It would be an idle and a presumptuous attempt to rewrite those brilliant pages of our late illustrious contributor, which stand recorded in English literature as the most complete summary extant of the grandeur of Bacon's genius, and of the deplorable failings of his character. But in justice to Bacon himself, and to his most recent champion, we have carefully re-examined the whole of the evidence, both old and new; and though we can find in this volume no sufficient reasons to alter our former convictions, we think our readers will not be unwilling to receive at our hands a more fresh and full account of the facts by which that conviction is sustained.

That Bacon should find another advocate among the men of letters of this day, is not a matter of surprise to us. Nor—although we object on many grounds to the undis-

criminating eulogy before us—do we doubt that the real Bacon of history was very different from the harsh caricature which Pope originally gave to the world, and which several modern writers have amplified. It is evident from his letters and speeches, and from the testimony of most of his contemporaries, that Bacon not only was a statesman of deep insight and broad views, but that he had that large and humane ambition to accomplish social and political good which occasionally blends with the philosophic temper. His ideas respecting church government and toleration; his project of making the Law of England "the structure of a sacred temple of justice;" his admirable plan "of reducing Ireland to civility and right, to obedience and peace;" his thorough perception of the numerous mischiefs which a lingering feudalism was inflicting on England; and his full appreciation of the happy consequences which a union with Scotland was likely to produce, attest at once the comprehensiveness of his wisdom and the general kindliness of his disposition. If we measure him, too, by the standard of his age, reflect upon the circumstances of his life, and consider the various influences and temptations which operated on his acts and character, we believe that even those parts of his career which appear most worthy of blame and contempt admit of at least a partial vindication. That tame servility which shocks us so much, because so unworthy of his splendid powers, seemed probably only a graceful pliancy to the bishops and nobles of James and Elizabeth. His holding a brief for the Crown against Essex, and pleading against his unfortunate friend, we characterize as the blackest of treasons; but a lawyer trained in the courts of the Tudors, who had heard from the lips of living witnesses how Somerset had done his brother to death and Norfolk had sat in judgment on his niece, would certainly have been of a different opinion. Even the least defensible act of Bacon, his writing a posthumous libel on Essex, may, in some degree, be excused on the grounds that Elizabeth positively ordered the composition, and that disobedience to the Crown in those days would probably have been followed by punishment. So, too, precedent, usage, and reasonable authority sustain some passages in Bacon's attorney-generalship which we now condemn

* The article referred to was copied into The Museum of Foreign Literature, Oct. and Nov., 1837.

as cruel and iniquitous; and this defence may be partly urged to palliate the charge of judicial corruption of which we cannot believe him innocent. Notwithstanding all these allowances, however, the moral and intellectual nature of Bacon will still present a marked antithesis; and this, in fact, was his main characteristic. With his splendid energy and boldness in speculation, he was evidently timid and hesitating in action, with a natural tendency to yield to power, and not entirely superior to temptation. To use his own language, he had two sympathies, the sympathy for perfection and the sympathy for advancement; and to gain advancement he has told us plainly that he had no objection to creeping and obsequiousness. Place such a man, a giant in intellect and rich in every endowment of genius, yet weak, irresolute, and full of ambition in the court and closet of James and Elizabeth, and would the corrupting currents of the world be likely to leave him unsoiled by their contact?

That this was the real character of Bacon, and the only vindication it admits of, we think we shall prove to our readers' satisfaction. Mr. Dixon, however, proclaims the contrary; and insists that Bacon, the lawyer and politician, is, on the whole, as worthy of our reverence as Bacon the author of the "De Augmentis." He maintains that, even when tried by the test of modern social and political ethics, the conduct of Bacon can always be justified, and that certainly none of his public acts deserved blame in the seventeenth century. He contends that Bacon was nearly as conspicuous for dignity, rectitude, and disinterested patriotism, as he was for keen ability and wisdom, and that the man whom many have portrayed as a cowardly flatterer, libeller, and timeserver, was really one of the heroes of statesmanship. Impressed with this view, he not only brings out into much more than their fit prominence the fairer passages in the life of his subject, but he vindicates Bacon's conduct to Essex, applauds him throughout his career in Parliament, insists on his excellence as an officer of the Crown, and struggles to prove that his judicial integrity was as undoubted as his judicial ability.

Notwithstanding all these assertions, however, we decline to reject the former evi-

dence on this subject; and, indeed, "demonstration" in the face of fact is, as Bacon has told us, "empty and futile." Our judgment upon this volume is, that it is throughout an unprofitable paradox, the ideal of a vaporous fancy, as Bacon probably would have termed it. Nor do we think much the better of it because in this eccentric rhapsody Mr. Dixon has shown considerable diligence, and a true appreciation of some of the characters who rose to eminence in the history of the period. The Sophist in the "Clouds" was not always in the wrong, though his aim was to trifle with common sense; and Pangloss was often ingenious and learned in proving the ills of the world delightful. When the main idea of a work is unsound, it is little to the purpose that here and there it contains some new and original matter, and now and then some acute observations; but, even in these subordinate respects, Mr. Dixon can claim but little commendation. While we have no doubt that his theory is false, and that all he has said will not shake in the least the general opinion of Bacon's character; and while he has used all the artifices of an advocate in embellishing facts that tell on his side, and making enormous omissions and misstatements, we must also add that his original researches have not been fruitful of much new matter, on points at least of paramount importance. As for the manner, design, and style of this book, they appear to us to be in the worst possible state. A biography should be a portrait executed with manliness, simplicity, and truth, not a display of spasmodic rhetoric, tawdry ornament, and false effect: and we regret to have so soon to notice another distressing example of those extravagances and deformities of style with which Mr. Carlyle has infected the English language.

Before, however, we deal with the case which Mr. Dixon has here put forward, we would call attention to those parts of this volume which seem to us worthy of commendation. Mr. Dixon has given us some information upon the social relations of Bacon; and the letters of Anne Lady Bacon to her sons, which appear for the first time in his Appendix, are very characteristic and amusing. He has also collected a number of facts respecting the youth and the marriage of Bacon, which fill several agreeable

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pages; while, as regards more important points, he has thrown some new light on the Villiers' match, and on the combination of parties which led to the fall of the great chancellor. We are also obliged to Mr. Dixon for his account of the early career of Bacon in the last four parliaments of Elizabeth. He observes, justly, that Bacon's biographers have passed over his life in the House of Commons between 1580 and 1593, and only notice him in 1593, in reference to his opposition to Burleigh when bringing forward the double subsidy, and claiming the votes of the peers upon it. Even a cursory study of D'Ewes' Journal would convince any one that in these years the position of Bacon in Parliament was eminent; and it was only proper to dwell at some length upon this interesting phase in his history. The account of Mr. Dixon contains some facts which hitherto have not been generally made public. It appears certain that, even from youth, the mind of Bacon had matured plans at once bold, comprehensive and practical, for "ministering to the welfare of England," and that he seldom spoke in the House of Commons without commanding respect and attention. At this distance of time it is difficult to guess how far his scheme of resisting the change which was passing over the England of the Tudors—the conversion of arable land into pasture, and the slow decline of the able-bodied yeomanry—would have been capable of being carried out; but, although the scheme seems useless to us, and we smile at the mischiefs it aimed at removing, we should not forget that these mischiefs appeared most perilous to the statesmen of the day, and that Bacon down to the end of his life approved of his early efforts to redress them. We can better appreciate his youthful wisdom, by a reference to his noble designs, enunciated before he was thirty, of amending and consolidating our municipal law, and of doing away with the evils of purveyance, the most galling and ruinous incident of feudalism. In these respects we see plainly not only that he was far in advance of his time, but that his aims were thoroughly fixed and practical; and we feel amazed at the depth and power of a genius which so largely anticipated the future, and could shape out such magnificent improvements. In reference to the hackneyed

charge, so often urged against Bacon at this time,—we mean that, in 1593 he opposed Burleigh from interested motives, and objected to the levy of a subsidy which in after years he warmly supported,—we fully admit that Mr. Dixon has done something to vindicate his hero; and in fact we think that until we know much more of the state of the England of Elizabeth, at the troubled close of the sixteenth century, than our actual means of knowledge disclose, we have little right to denounce a politician for a change of opinion on a matter of taxation.

This portion of Mr. Dixon's narrative is, however, open to several exceptions. It is overloaded with panegyric, and passes by some important matters which certainly should have received attention. As regards the grant of the subsidy in 1589, Mr. Dixon seizes a small opportunity of praising Bacon beyond his merits. He tells us that "Bacon's soul was in the patriotic tug, and that he moved to insert in the bill that the grant was extraordinary and exceptional." If we turn, however, to D'Ewes' Journal, we find that this was the act of "*divers* who were of opinion that meet words to that effect should be inserted in the Preamble," and that Bacon only "noted it in writing." This slip, perhaps, is of slight importance, except to show Mr. Dixon's tendencies; but other and graver errors occur in reference to what followed afterwards.

Let us waive the question whether Bacon was right in denouncing in 1593 the means by which the subsidy was levied, and in advocating in 1597 and 1601 an equal or greater amount of taxation. We will assume that the change of judgment was patriotic, that it was not caused by interested motives, and that it really may be attributed to events of which the clue is now lost to us. But why did Mr. Dixon omit to state that Bacon in 1595 apologized humbly for the speech of 1593, comparing it "to a variety in counsel as a discord in music to make it more perfect;" and taking care to remind Burleigh that "he had been the first to speak for the subsidy"? And is it fair in dealing with this subject to avoid alluding to the significant fact that Raleigh evidently in 1597 was sceptical as to Bacon's motives for having abandoned the opposition, and twitted him with some sharpness on his conduct? It is obvious, too, why Mr. Dixon takes care

not to draw attention to the part which Bacon played in the Parliament of 1601, a part, we fear, expressive of his character. The question of the day was that of the monopolies, and the opposition contended strenuously, not only for the mischief of monopolies, but also for their absolute illegality. It is perfectly certain that Bacon was alive to the evils of this mode of traffic; and as a lawyer he must have known from D'Arcy's case, then actually decided, not to speak of a pregnant passage from Fortescue, that such restrictions were not lawful. What, however, did he say on the question? "He struck himself on the breast," writes D'Ewes, "and declared, that for his part "he allowed the prerogative of the prince, and hoped it never would be discussed, and that men should take care how they meddled in this business." Mr. Dixon of course rejects our solution of Bacon's conduct on this occasion,—that by this time he had made up his mind to take up the side of the court party; but, be the solution what it may, the scene should certainly have been noticed.

But our chief complaint against Mr. Dixon, so far as regards this part of his narrative, concerns his treatment of Bacon's relations with Burleigh, Cecil, Essex, and Elizabeth. To uphold the position that, in his career, every act of Bacon may be justified, that he had a lofty and generous spirit, and that such words as treachery and ingratitude can never be associated with his conduct, it was necessary to present a view of these relations very different from that in common acceptance. Mr. Dixon has elaborated a view of his own on this important subject, respecting which we shall only say, that if it displays some skill and cleverness, it is nevertheless essentially unfair, and cannot bear the test of inquiry. In order to lessen the weight of obligation which was certainly due from Bacon to Essex, we are told that Burleigh upon the whole was "a leal friend" to Bacon from the first; that Burleigh and Cecil pleaded "warmly" the claim of Bacon to the solicitor-generalship; that the queen was a gracious patron to him on all occasions, and in every instance; that she gave him a full remuneration for his services, in the shape of estates, fines, and places; and that Bacon, therefore, was pledged to her by every tie of duty and affection. With the same object Mr. Dixon

informs us, that although Essex doubtless exerted himself to obtain office for Bacon from the queen, he did so in such an unfortunate way, that he caused his friend to lose the solicitor-generalship; that if he made Bacon a present of an estate and endeavored to gain him a wealthy bride, these acts were more than adequately returned by Bacon's legal advice and kindness; that the connection of Bacon with Essex ceased for two years before the trial of the latter; and that Bacon, therefore, at the time of the trial, was not under any obligation to him. Having thus completely inverted the relations which are usually supposed to have existed between the parties, Mr. Dixon paints in the blackest colors the treasonable acts imputed to Essex, contends that he entertained the design of murdering Elizabeth and restoring "popery," and maintains that, when made acquainted with these acts, Bacon only did what was perfectly right in making his celebrated speech against him. As for the trial of Essex, "there never was a fairer one:" "to have done more," says Mr. Dixon, "than Bacon did in the conduct of this bad drama, might have been noble and patriotic, to have done less would have been to act like a weak girl, not like a great man." However, before the treason of Essex had been completely disclosed to Elizabeth, we are told "that Bacon went to the extremest lengths of chivalry" to induce the queen to forgive his friend; that "an offender never had such an advocate;" and that even then "any man but Francis Bacon would have left the earl to his fate"—on the scaffold. In a word, Mr. Dixon's statement of the case is, that Bacon in his relations with Essex, was free from any obligations towards the earl; that he acted throughout with the finest feeling; and that in his conduct before and at the trial of Essex, "he took the only course open to an honest man."

Let us now compare this statement of the case with evidence from contemporary sources, supplied in the main from Bacon's own writings. We will grant that Burleigh secured for his nephew a place in reversion in the Star Chamber, and that after Bacon's humble apology respecting the speech of 1593, he made "constant and serious endeavors" to raise the apologist to the office of solicitor-general. We will also grant that on this latter occasion Cecil seems to have

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seconded his father and cousin; and that possibly Bacon may have wronged him in suspecting "that he wrought in a contrary spirit." But that Burleigh was "a leal friend" to Bacon, or that Cecil ever supported him "warmly" in the sense of real and affectionate kindness that would bind Bacon to lasting gratitude, is, we think, disproved by the fullest testimony. "The time is yet to come," wrote Bacon, bitterly, when as yet a young though rising barrister, "that your lordship did ever use or command or employ me in my profession in any services or occasions of your lordship's own;" and the whole tone of his letters to Burleigh is that of a distant and suspicious suitor. As for Cecil, nothing can be more certain than that Bacon never acknowledged his friendship; and that Bacon thought himself wronged and neglected by both the Cecils, father and son, is clear from his deliberate statement "that they purposely suppressed all men of ability." And did Bacon in fact feel that Elizabeth had dealt kindly to him, had recompensed him according to his deserts, or had placed him under any real obligation? It is certain that in 1595 she had scorned his claim for the solicitor-generalship, although recognized fully by his profession, having told Essex, that "although Bacon had a great wit and an excellent gift of speech, yet in law he was rather showy" than otherwise. It is equally certain that Bacon suspected her of having thrown upon him the blame of "making her incensed against Essex," and thus having charged him with treachery alike disgraceful and ruinous to his prospects. These facts are against the supposition that Bacon felt any gratitude towards her, or had any good grounds to do so; and, as for his obligations to the queen, he says in a letter to James, before he had obtained any office from the king, "that he was bound to his majesty for trust and favor, and to his old mistress for trust only." Will Mr. Dixon deny that Bacon was able to estimate the kindness of the Cecils, or the measure of the generosity of Elizabeth?

On the other hand, what were the obligations under which Bacon lay towards Essex, and did Bacon ever repudiate them? Mr. Dixon himself is forced to admit that Essex made the strongest efforts to procure the solicitor-generalship for Bacon, that he gave

his friend a valuable estate, worth about £8,000 in our money, and that he seconded his suit to Lady Hatton with the most generous and honorable fervor. Did Bacon himself, at any time, even when it was his highest interest to do so, insinuate that "he owed to Essex the loss" of the legal promotion he was seeking; that the gift of Essex was merely a payment resembling the fee of a counsel or doctor; that his warm and gracious offices of friendship were "only the cheap generosity of words;" and that "the connection of Bacon and Essex was one of business and politics merely," that "imposed on Bacon no obligations"?

We shall not refer, as regards this question, to the mass of letters of Bacon and Burleigh respecting the interest Essex took in seeking the solicitor-generalship for Bacon, though these letters prove, as clearly as possible, that "the kind and wise" solicitations of the patron received the grateful acknowledgments of the client. But what did Bacon deliberately write several years after these passages were over, when he was striving to answer the bitter accusation of having betrayed and ruined his friend, and when, therefore, he would gladly have tried to relieve himself from the sense of obligation? "I must and will ever acknowledge," he writes in his Apology, "my lord's love, trust, and favor to me, and last of all his liberality. . . . After the queen had denied me the solicitor's place for the which his lordship had been a long and earnest suitor in my behalf, it pleased him to come to me from Richmond to Twickenham Park. . . . 'I die,' these were his words, 'if I do not somewhat for your fortune, you shall not deny to accept a piece of land which I will bestow on you.'" And what was the "cheap generosity of words," which Essex lavished on Lady Hatton when pressing her to accept Bacon? "My dear and worthy friend, Mr. Francis Bacon, is a suitor to my Lady Hatton, your daughter. What his virtues and excellent parts are you are not ignorant. If she were my sister or daughter, I would as confidently resolve to further it as I now persuade you." It is tolerably plain that Bacon, at least, never knew that Essex injured his prospects, never dreamed that his connection with him was only one of "business and politics," never sought to disclaim the obligations created "by love, favor, and

liberality." And will Mr. Dixon venture to say that he knows more than Bacon on the subject?

We think it, therefore, clearly established that Bacon owed almost every thing to Essex, and little or nothing to the Cecil and Elizabeth. Such, therefore, being the state of the case, had Bacon "no other course as an honest man" but to prosecute Essex as counsel for the Crown, to go out of his way to speak against him,—the reply ought properly to have fallen to Fleming,—and to quicken the wrath of the jealous queen against his ruined and defenceless friend, by likening him to the Athenian tyrant, or to the destroyer of a contemporary sovereign? We will grant the truth of all the circumstances which Mr. Dixon sets round the subject; that for two years preceding the trial the intimate relations of Bacon and Essex had terminated "by the earl's own acts;" that after the expedition to Ireland "their prospects and affections lay widely apart;" that Essex did, in fact, conspire to kill the queen, and "restore the Smithfield fires;" that his trial was a fair and proper one, and that Bacon "received the queen's commands" to appear as a counsel against the culprit. We contend, even on these assumptions, not one of which can be sustained in fact, that the conduct of Bacon cannot be justified, and that if it can be partly palliated, this must be done by other arguments.

Are two years a period of limitation, to bar the rights of friendship and kindness, and to cancel the weight of immense obligations? If Essex were the most dangerous of rebels, was there any necessity to magnify his crimes by the most artful and cruel allusions, when he and every one of his associates lay already within the gripe of the executioner? If, in fact, according to Tudor rules, his trial was not conducted improperly, was Bacon bound as a prosecuting counsel to close the door of mercy against him by language far more deadly in meaning than any of Coke's intemperate effusions? And if Bacon received a retainer from the Crown, was he forced to thrust himself forward on this occasion, and to "prove how widely his prospects and affections lay" from those of his old benefactor and friend, by taking the place of the solicitor-general who, he knew well, was incapable of invective? We will put a case to Mr. Dixon which we

think will show the flimsiness of the excuses which his zeal for Bacon induces him to make, and which, but for our sympathy with his client, would never mislead the most credulous person. It cannot be denied that the attempt of Monmouth against the life and crown of James the Second was at least as complete an act of treason as any thing done or thought of by Essex. Had Monmouth been brought before the High Steward, and one of his oldest and nearest friends and followers had lent his tongue to denounce his patron, as a plotter against the liberties of England, and bent on overthrowing the monarchy, would not Jeffreys himself have been surprised, and Sawyer and Williams whispered of conscience? Would any writer in this generation set up in behalf of such a man the defence Mr. Dixon has pleaded for Bacon? Would he say, respecting such an advocate, "that he followed the course of an honest man"?

Let us see, however, how the qualifying facts which Mr. Dixon puts confidently forward will bear the test of a strict examination. It is true that between 1597 and 1599 the friendship of Bacon and Essex had cooled, and possibly we may attribute this to Bacon having advised his patron not to undertake the government of Ireland. But from a letter, dated 1599, it is certain that Bacon wrote to the earl, referring to the splendor of the appointment, and that, too, in the most cordial language. It is also certain, when Essex had returned, that Bacon wrote affectionately to him; that he resumed his office of counsel to the earl; and that he sought to excuse himself from appearing at the investigation at York House, on the plea of his obligations to his benefactor. Is this consistent with the assertion that "for two whole years" the earl and Bacon "had met but once," to part in difference, and that the connection of the friends had ceased before by the earl's own conduct?

Again, where are the proofs of that black design of slaying the queen and reviving "popery" which Mr. Dixon makes the apology for Bacon's behavior at the Essex trial? It is all very well to rake together confessions made by such men as Blunt, reported hearsays of third persons with whom the prisoner had no connection, and loose inferences from doubtful acts which fairly bear a different construction, and to bid us, upon

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this kind of testimony, to convict Essex of deeds of crime which were never laid to his charge when living, and certainly are extremely improbable. But why did Mr. Dixon forget the reasons for an opposite conclusion, or did he choose advisedly to suppress them? If Essex were guilty of the conspiracy, the proofs of which Mr. Dixon informs us were in the hands of the Privy Council as early as January, 1600, why was the inquiry at York House, which took place in June, five months afterwards, entirely confined to different accusations? Are we to suppose, if Elizabeth knew that the earl was plotting against her life, or for the subversion of Church and State, that she would have studiously limited that inquiry "*ad reparationem non ad ruinam*," and not have sent him at once to trial? And when, in February, 1601, the earl really committed an act which made him technically guilty of high treason, — it would now-a-days probably be treated as a riot, — we ask why none of the counsel for the Crown attempted to charge the prisoner with the crime of seeking the natural death of the sovereign, or of overthrowing the established faith, and carefully rested their case on the grounds of treason by implication and construction? It may be said that Coke, Fleming, and Bacon believed that they had sufficient proofs to convict Essex without such allegations, and chose to rely on the minor accusations; and Bacon in fact asserted this in his tract subsequently written on the subject; but such a proceeding would be so inconsistent with every precedent of Tudor state trials that we cannot think such a motive suggested it. Nor should we forget, in judging of this case, that Essex throughout his trial and at his death expressly disclaimed any guilty purpose against the queen and the constitution, while he fully admitted his "legal transgression;" that at the accession of James I. the attainder against him was reversed; and that Bacon towards the close of his life, wrote in terms of high commendation about him. Such facts surely disprove the theory that Essex was a Fawkes or a Catesby.

As for the trial of Essex, the "fairness" of which Mr. Dixon thinks was a pattern for all ages, it was quite as fair as most instances of Tudor inquisitions for treason, — that is, the prisoner had no chance of escape, not

having any legal assistance, and the rules of evidence being what they were. When we are told of its special "fairness," we wonder if Mr. Dixon remembers that two of the earl's most bitter enemies sat in judgment on him despite his protestations; that the evidence of one of the witnesses was suppressed; that Coke inveighed against the accused with more than his wonted brutal irrelevance; and that, according to a contemporary writer, the verdict of the Peers was given under the inspiration of "beer and tobacco," most admirable aids for a "true deliverance"! As for any special command from the queen to Bacon to prosecute Essex, which Mr. Dixon seems to insinuate, we defy him to prove that it ever was given; and we think that Bacon's own words on this point, "the service was merely laid upon me with the rest of my fellows," should satisfy any reasonable person.

We think, therefore, that the point of view which Mr. Dixon asks us to take in judging of Bacon's conduct to Essex, is certainly set aside by the evidence. We are told however, that between the time when Essex returned to England from Ireland and actually committed the crime he suffered for, Bacon "went the extremest lengths of chivalry in his efforts to save him," and that "one voice alone dared to breathe to Elizabeth" excuses for the guilt of her favorite. Now we gladly admit, so long as the queen was not averse to expostulation, that is while Essex remained at large, though in half captivity at Essex House, that Bacon did exert himself honorably to revive Elizabeth's affection for his friend, and to win him again a place in her favor. We do not credit a hint of Cecil to which Bacon himself adverted, that the advocacy was all hypocrisy; nor shall we suggest that it might have been an interested speculation on the chance that Essex might regain his former ascendancy. We think it certain that during this time Bacon did, in Mr. Dixon's language, "lavish wit, eloquence, and persuasion on this cause;" and, bearing in mind the character of the queen, we feel assured that his mode of pleading, though somewhat evasive, was exactly that most calculated to move her. But it is equally clear from Bacon's admissions, that when the mood of Elizabeth had changed into fixed hostility towards, Essex — that is, after the inquiry

at York House, but before the final act of treason, and when Bacon had satisfied his mind that his earnest pleading might injure himself,—he resolved to forego an arduous task, which possibly might involve danger, and certainly would contravene his interests. "Madam," he tells us were his words to the queen, in reference to her alienation from him, "for his speeches and courses on the side of my lord,"—"if I do break my neck I shall do it in a manner as Mr. Dorrington did it, which walked on the battlements of the church many days, and took a view and survey of where he should fall." . . . "Whereupon I departed *resting then determined to meddle no more in the matter*, as that that I saw would overthrow me and do him no good." Was this a proof of that noble chivalry which sacrifices itself for the sake of others, and is most conspicuous in the hour of peril, or was it a sign of prudent timorousness overcoming the sense of obligation, and the voice of a real yet selfish friendship? Besides, what was the conduct of Bacon in reference to the inquiry at York House, which Mr. Dixon conveniently suppresses? He begged, it is true, to excuse himself from attacking Essex before the Privy Council, but he wrote to the queen "that he knew the degrees of duties, and that no particular obligation could supplant or weaken the entireness of obligation which he owed to her and to her service;" and he added that, after he could not "avoid the fact which had been laid upon him, he did not handle it tenderly in delivery." These "extreme lengths of chivalry" we think—the mock reluctance to prosecute a friend, and doing the task with decorous harshness—approach the confines of cunning treachery, and are only the more to be condemned when they are purposely confused with the boundaries of duty.

How Essex died, and the pitying nation, who were not in the secret of his "popish" practices, made Elizabeth feel their indignation, and assailed his accusers "in common speech," is attested by every writer of the period. It is also well known to what the proud queen was compelled to resort on this occasion: to stay the ferment of the general ill-will, she caused "the treasons of the Earl of Essex" to be set forth in a public document, and chose Bacon to prepare the composition. Let us give him freely the benefit

of his pleas that he had "express directions on every point," and that "many alterations" were made in his draught; but the fact remains that, whether from fear or from the pressure of royal urgency, he stooped to become the hired libeller of his slaughtered friend and benefactor.

How Mr. Dixon has dealt with this act, the most unworthy of Bacon's life, may be expressed in three words—he has not written a syllable on the subject—and, therefore, on this as on other charges, he has allowed judgment to pass against his client. As fair writers we cannot avoid to dwell for an instant on this conduct as an illustration of Bacon's character. Considering the time, the circumstances of the case, and the tone and contents of Bacon's "Declaration," we are bound to say that so cruel a publication was scarcely ever given to the world. Was it decent, exactly at the crisis when Ireland was up in fanatical rebellion, and the fleets of Spain were menacing Kinsale, to invoke the wrath of England on the dead, by a long detail of his Irish "treasons," not one of which can be proved against him? Was it honest, when the attainder of Essex had left his children destitute outcasts, to wage war against youthful innocence by exaggerating guilt which had been expiated on the scaffold? Was this the tribute of chivalrous "friendship"—to write an epitaph on a friend in a grave prepared for him by the writer's hands—which would probably sentence his house to ruin, and blacken him with perpetual infamy? Nothing more unjust, too, can well be conceived, than the statements and charges made in this document. Every act and turn of Essex in Ireland is tortured into a proof of treason. The most ingenious rhetoric is used to represent equivocal conduct in the colors which the queen and Cecil wished to affix to it. The inferences drawn from the slightest events, and all pointed in the same direction, are quite shameless from their perversion; and every kind of evidence is treated as certain truth to sustain the accusation. All the varied tricks and graces of phrase, exaggeration, metaphorical terms, and the different glosses of cunning sophistry are also used in full abundance; and nothing that skill can achieve is omitted to give effect and piquancy to the picture. We can well understand, as Bacon tells us, "that her maj-

esty took a liking to his pen" for drawing such descriptions as these; but it is sad to think that such an intellect should ever have stooped to such a service. It must also be remembered that Bacon received a positive benefit from these state prosecutions. Twelve hundred pounds were given him by the queen out of a fine imposed on Catesby. This is rather an awkward fact as regards the "disinterested chivalry" of Bacon in this matter. Mr. Dixon appears to suppose he has brought this fact to light from the council register; it was already recorded in Mr. Foss' excellent volumes.* We protest against this idle attempt to elevate Bacon into a hero so far as regards his relations with Essex.

The next portion of Bacon's career embraces the years from the death of Elizabeth to his elevation to the attorney-generalship. Mr. Dixon's account of his hero at this time undoubtedly gives us some new information, but it overflows with idle panegyric, it suppresses many important facts and several necessary general considerations, and it gives an idea of Bacon's conduct, which is certainly not borne out by the evidence. Mr. Dixon tells us that Bacon's name was "dear" to the country at the accession of James, that at Court only "he was under a cloud;" and he urges, in confirmation of this, that Bacon entered the Parliament of 1604 as member for Ipswich, and St. Albans, and that he was thought a fit candidate for the office of Speaker of the House of Commons. As for his parliamentary status at this period, we are told that it was more lofty and splendid, and more distinguished for pure patriotism, than that of any other English politician, and that all his acts are to be ascribed "to his height of view and round of sympathy." It was owing to "his reconciling genius which spanned the dividing stream of party," that he managed "to stand on good terms with a hostile Court and House of Commons." His unremitting "votes for supplies" which, the popular party suspected justly, "dropped into the pouches of Herbert and Carr," were "given to rescue James and his servants from the magnificent corruptions of the Spanish minister." His advocacy of the union with Scotland had nothing to do with the wishes of James and of his tribe of hungry parasites, who could not batten on Eng-

lish manors so long as in law they remained aliens, but "as a measure of defence" against Spanish aggressions. His opposition to wardship and purveyance was prompted wholly "by a desire to improve the old ways before improvement was too late," and had not the sidelong object of adding to the private revenues of the sovereign. As for Ireland, "the green and lustrous island" owed "nearly all that was gracious and noble, most wise and foreseeing in the policy of this reign, to Francis Bacon, after Arthur Chichester," because Bacon advised James to increase the number of Irish burroughs. If we add to this "that the principle of toleration was exercised as a virtue of Bacon's life;" that he aided the colonization of Virginia "as a branch of the great contest with Spain;" and that his one aim throughout this period was "to arm, to free, and to guide" his country, we may certainly admit that so noble a part was perhaps never fulfilled by a statesman.

As we stand before this picture, however, we have a right to criticise its truth and accuracy. Unquestionably Bacon, though very unpopular "in common speech" in 1603, regained the ear of the House of Commons, and rose to his former eminence in it before the close of the Parliament of 1604. This fact, however, may well be ascribed to the splendor of his reputation for genius—the "Advancement of Learning" was published at this time—to the power and brilliancy of his eloquence, to the gracious courtesy of his manners, much more than to the favor of his countrymen. It is possible, too, that Bacon's votes in behalf of subsidies for the Crown may have been justified by the occasion; most probable that he fully appreciated the advantages of the union with Scotland, and the danger from Spain to English freedom; and quite certain that he perceived the injuries wrought by a lingering feudalism, the necessity of a just government for Ireland, the value of toleration in the abstract, and the usefulness of the colonies to the empire. But what we complain of in this account is that, even supposing its facts to be true, they do not bear out a number of its statements; that in several parts its evidence fails; that it ascribes motives to Bacon's acts which are either guessed at or were not dominant; and that at best it is a series of half truths with immense suppressions.

* Foss' Judges of England, vol. vi. p. 72.

What proof have we that the politician who wrote to James that "he gloried in obsequiousness, and was flattering Cecil as a noble patriot," at the very time when he hated him in his heart, ever rose superior to political selfishness, and aimed at swaying the counsels of England in virtue of "his reconciling genius" and wisdom? If Bacon really voted the supplies in the Parliament of 1604, on account of a strong hostility to Spain, why did he take special credit with the king, who hated the Spanish war of all things, for having supported the bill for the subsidy which was given expressly for this purpose? It is true that Bacon advocated the Union; but that this was rather to gratify the king, and the crowd of Humes, Herberts, and Carrs, than with any particular reference to Spain, is proved not only by numerous letters, but by the fact that in 1603, when the Spanish war was as yet raging, he certainly thought the Union impolitic. As for the manifold evils of the feudal tenures, Bacon doubtless saw them in all their bearings, did good service in trying to abolish them, and showed considerable zeal on the subject; but, to quote his own words, he attributed his efforts not only "to the wish to improve the old ways," but to the hope that "the abolition would invest the Crown with a more ample dowry." That Bacon, too, approved of toleration is shown by his admirable essay on the subject; but that he attempted to put it in practice we think is contrary to much evidence; while as respects the government of Ireland, though we quite allow that he saw what it should have been, we deny that his courtly advice to James to augment the number of Irish boroughs was prompted by aught but regard for prerogative. And as for Bacon's having aided a scheme to relieve Virginia from Spanish aggression, we should think this was rather a frail foundation for Mr. Dixon's superstructure of eulogy.

On Mr. Dixon's own showing, therefore, we dispute the accuracy of this description of Bacon at this stage of his fortunes. It is singular, too, that he does not refer—though we think we can guess the reason why—to the chief evidence in favor of the assertion that Bacon was a mediator between the Commons and the Crown between 1604 and 1610. He does not tell us that Bacon insisted upon the prerogative of the Crown to

impose customs' duties on the subject; and yet that in 1610 he was made the spokesman of the House of Commons in the great petition on this and other grievances. To have stated this, however, would have called attention to the subservient tone which Bacon adopted on this latter occasion,—comparing "the sound of the grievances of the Commons to the *gemitus columbæ*, the mourning of a dove,"—and which has made some writers suspect that he really was an agent of James while seeming to speak for his fellow-members. This omission, however, of Mr. Dixon is only one of numerous suppressions in reference to this part of the subject which he has chosen to make for the purpose of sustaining his theory, and to which we shall briefly advert.

In judging of Bacon's conduct at this time, it is surely necessary to bear in mind the character of the government of James, and the questions of politics then in agitation. The great contest of the seventeenth century—the struggle between a modern absolutism and the full development of our ancient institutions—was then rapidly coming to a crisis. A drivelling and half-foreign pedant, the feeblest and yet most galling of tyrants, was seeking, if not to enslave his people, to add indefinitely to prerogatives which the pretensions of the Crown made perilous to freedom. United to him were some of the nobility, very different from the Nevilles and Cliffords who had once sustained the cause of the nation, and a swarm of needy and profligate courtiers, who paid for the lavish grants of their master by spreading abroad the influences of despotism. The Church, also, with singular fervor, concurred in supporting her temporal head; and purchased the right of persecuting dissent, and binding the laity in odious fetters, by announcing doctrines of passive obedience, and of indefeasible hereditary right, which were so many libels on liberty. Even in the first years of the seventeenth century, the consequences of this movement displayed themselves, and became ominous of a dark future. Whitehall was not only disgraced by scenes which revived the days of Nero and Commodus, but resounded with notes of adulation, and with courtly and priestly arguments for despotism, which no Englishman should have uttered. The foreign policy of the great queen was set aside

in spite of the nation; gross invasions of the Constitution were attempted under color of the prerogative. The settled right of enacting laws by king, Lords, and Commons only, was violated by numerous royal proclamations. The jurisdiction of the common law was encroached upon by spiritual tribunals, far more subservient than those at Westminster, because entirely independent of juries. The courts of the High Commission and Star Chamber committed excesses of arbitrary power which had never been attempted by Elizabeth; and the great right of the House of Commons—control over the national purse—was set aside by the novel doctrine that the king could tax all imports at pleasure. Meantime, every effort was made by the king, the Church, and the heads of the State to corrupt opinion in favor of absolutism; the legislature was alternately menaced and cajoled; the most submissive instruments of power were singled out for public trusts; the army, the navy, and the bench were filled with the flatterers of Carr and the minions of James; and the rising generation was educated in theories tending to Turkish despotism. The England of Henry VIII. and Elizabeth, that had hurled foul scorn at Parma and Spain, was threatened by an enemy from within more perilous than the League or the Armada.

A large majority in the House of Commons, and the great mass of the people of England, opposed steadily these noxious influences so perilous to their ancient liberties. How they boldly asserted their legal rights, denounced the doctrine of passive obedience, protested against the usurpations of the Crown, especially as regards taxation and proclamations, condemned the encroachment of the ecclesiastical tribunals, and insisted upon their share in the government, the records of the first Parliament of James have made sufficiently known to the reader. Mr. Dixon has carefully kept out of view the nature and character of this contest, and even most of its chief incidents, because, if he had referred to them, his picture of Bacon as a model of patriotism, wisdom, and disinterested purity, would have seemed at once untrue and incongruous. For what, in reference to this contest, was Bacon's attitude as a public man in the first year of the seventeenth century? We do not complain that he did not join the noble

ranks of the Hydes and Hakewills, the predecessors of the St. Johns and Hampdens to whom we owe our actual liberties. He is not to be blamed for having elected to vote usually with the Court party, though, in his case, it is hard to believe that he did not foresee the drift of their policy. But why did Bacon at this period exhaust the language of adulation in favor of such a sovereign as James, comparing him to the "healing angel who stirred the waters in the pool of Bethesda," to the "breath of the law" and the "soul of justice," when he perfectly knew that sovereign's character? Did he, who thoroughly understood "the true state of the greatness of Britain," oppose, even in a single instance, the attacks of the Crown on the rights of the nation, or say a word in behalf of liberties which were being stealthily sapped and subverted? Did he, a profound constitutional lawyer, ever hint that a royal proclamation had not the binding force of a law, or allude to the usurpations of courts, especially under the influence of the Crown, upon the regular popular tribunals? Knowing full well, with the commerce of England expanding before his prophetic eye, that, if the sovereign could impose taxes by raising duties on foreign imports, the House of Commons would soon become a mere shadowy appendage of the Crown, why did he assert in the case of Bates that this "prerogative" was not to be questioned? And when delegated by the House of Commons to state their grievances to the sovereign, why did he so accomplish his mission as to make his conduct matter of suspicion? In a word, are these the proofs of a patriotism, more lofty than that of any of our statesmen, that Bacon in the first Parliament of James never once opposed the stealthy tyranny which was breaking down our institutions, but, on the contrary, always supported it? Can his frequent displays of a prescient-genius, and his general support of wise legislation on subjects not connected with the prerogative, and where he was left untrammelled in action, entirely atone, in the eyes of posterity, for these positive derelictions of duty, and raise him to the rank of our greatest patriots? Mr. Dixon evades an answer to this question by not noticing most of the instances of Bacon's partisanship at this time; but our readers, we hope, will not forget

them, and will draw their own conclusions accordingly.

Let us own, however, that this panegyric is pitched in so much too high a tone, that it urges us to a contrary judgment, and makes us forget some commendation which is due to Bacon at this period. We know well that the large wisdom, and the tendency to benevolent schemes, for which his intellect was conspicuous, were not eclipsed in this Parliament; but their lustre is sullied by his weak subserviency to the meanest arts of despotism. It is only just, however, to add, that some passages in his conduct at this time,—for instance, his attitude towards the Crown when he brought forward the Great Petition,—may admit perhaps of an explanation which would reflect some credit upon him. It certainly is not a little strange—upon the supposition that after 1607 when he became solicitor-general of James he always acted in the interest of the Crown—that he should have been selected by the Commons to be the mouthpiece of their petition; and it may be that, although he had spoken in favor of some of the illegalities referred to in that important document, he afterwards changed his mind on the subject, and in 1610 was a real reformer. It is also not at all impossible that his public life in this Parliament may yet be set in a fairer light than our actual knowledge appears to warrant, and even that his seeming neglect to defend these high constitutional rights which were being assailed by James and his favorites, may be excused without discrediting him. It doubtless is a most singular fact that the man who, so far as the evidence goes, was covering James with flattery at this time, and advocating some of his worst actions, should have held the eminent position he did in the House of Commons of 1604–10; and this induces the reader to hope that gaps exist in the proofs on this subject which, if filled up, might alter his views so far at least as regards Bacon. But as yet the eulogy of Mr. Dixon remains only an idle guess, at present, at least, contradicted by the evidence; and we feel assured that no discovery will ever establish Bacon in the position of a model of pure and disinterested patriotism.

We pass on to consider Bacon as attorney-general of James and as lord chancellor. In dealing with this part of his subject Mr. Dixon

has been a little more prudent than in the preceding chapter of his work, though his views are still essentially erroneous. He eulogizes justly the general decorum of Bacon as a public prosecutor, and his proved humanity in several instances; insists on his constitutional opinions as evidence of his constitutional conduct; and passes a well-deserved eulogium on the triumphs of his judicial genius. He calls attention properly to the facts that in the Parliament of 1614 Bacon was returned for three boroughs; that the House of Commons declared him duly elected, although the actual attorney-general, against existing usage and precedent; and that, even when condemned for corruption, he had still a considerable party in his favor. He stands, however, mainly on the defensive; and tries to obliterate, one by one, the various charges against Bacon in reference to his conduct at this period. We gladly admit that in doing this he has shown some ingenuity and acuteness; that he has brought to light some important facts which hitherto had not received due weight; and that he has given reasons at the bar of History for mitigating its adverse verdict on his client. But we must add that here, as before, Mr. Dixon has evaded considerations which should have entered into his estimate of this question; that he has omitted to notice several facts which bear against his view of the subject; and that, on the whole, his account of Bacon at this important point in his career, cannot abide the test of a scrutiny.

Between 1614 and 1621 what were the acts and character of the government of England, and what were Bacon's relations to it? The sceptre of the Plantagenets and Tudors was consigned by the meanest of faineants to the most worthless of mayors of the palace. The counsels of Burleigh and the valor of the Howards were superseded by the dictatorship of the cowardly, wasteful, and profligate Buckingham. The crimes, the sins, and the horrors of the palace broke through the cloud of dishonest incense which rose around the sovereign and his favorite, and revealed James pandering to adultery, interfering with the process of justice to cloak some unknown secret of infamy, and sullying the honor of the royal name by the most unmanly and vile self-abasement. This great empire became the prey of a fopling harpy, reckless, avaricious,

and despicable as a Dubois or a Godoy, who, feeling that a summons of the national estates might bring on a day of national reckoning, kept England in ignominious repose, prostrated her at the feet of Spain, and abused her laws, her commerce, and her wealth, for the sake of a brief indulgence in tyranny. The nation protested, and its representatives were dispersed without a semblance of reason, and for some years were prevented from re-assembling. Every bad expedient of arbitrary power—in many instances absolutely illegal, in others barely sanctioned by precedent—benevolences, monopolies, proclamations, and impositions,—was resorted to, to replenish the exchequer and retard the meeting of the House of Commons; and any attempt at resistance was put down with unsparing harshness. By a dexterous ingenuity of oppression, the laws which had been enacted to support the cardinal institutions of the state—the national church and the courts of justice—were turned into instruments to relieve the Crown from responsibility to the people; enormous fines were laid on incessantly for the purpose of making a fund for the sovereign; and the High Commission and Star Chamber were made machinery for extracting revenue. In the mean time the efforts of the Court were applied steadily to the task of breaking down the Constitution; the patronage of the Church was confined to the most subservient advocates of monarchy; the judges were tampered with by the king, and some of them were convicted of corruption; the method of “undertaking” for Parliament was made a secret of the Privy Council; and the unmanly doctrine of passive obedience became the shibboleth of loyalty. Servility, tyranny, vice, and degradation were the characteristics of this reign, the most contemptible in the annals of England.

Now of this government it is unquestionable that Bacon was the principal adviser, though certainly not the chief administrator. What he must have thought of its character and acts, of its nominal head and real director, of its miserable policy at home and abroad, we know well from his own writings. He was a sober, chaste, and pure-minded man, and must have scorned the gluttony and sensuality, the coarse profligacy, and animal habits of James, Carr, Villiers, and their associates. He knew perfectly that the

king was a dotard, “who asked counsel from the past and not from the future,” to use his own significant euphuism, and that Buckingham was the most worthless of ministers. Having written well about the relations between a sovereign and his dependants, “if you flatter him you betray him and are a traitor to the state,” he doubtless spurned the adulation which gathered round the puppet of Villiers. He must have detested the long abasement of England to the House of Austria; for in fact in 1614 he had the boldness to insinuate that “our peace is usque ad satietatem;” and in 1624, when war with Spain was the cry of the nation, he preached a vehement crusade in its favor. He has told us himself that “the greatness of Britain consisted in the temper of a government fit to keep subjects in good heart and courage, not in the condition of servile vassals.” He said distinctly that “the use of parliaments in this kingdom was very excellent, and that they often should be called;” and therefore must have distrusted the attempt to govern England without their sanction. He declared also “let the rule of justice be the law of the land, and impartial arbiter, between the king and people and one subject and another;” and must accordingly have disapproved illegal taxation and Stuart proclamations. “Let no arbitrary power be intruded,” he said emphatically to the youthful Villiers; so he thought of course that benevolences, and edicts, the fines of the High Commission and Star Chamber, and attempts to pack and influence parliaments, were really acts of treason to England. As for levying money through penal laws, and by putting in force the arms of intolerance, we know that he often denounced these laws as the great blot on the English statute-book, and that persecution on religious grounds was with him “to deface the laws of society.” Monopolies he termed “the cankers of trading,” “not to be admitted under spurious colors;” so what must have been his real opinion as regards Mitchell’s and Mompeyson’s patents? As for the state of the Church, as respects its government, its servile doctrines, and usurpations, his lofty genius scorned its pretensions; and must have loathed the mitred sycophants who compared James to Solomon and to Christ. What he must have felt in his heart, alas, as regards any tampering with judges and the least taint of ju-

dicial corruption, we set down in his own words: "by no means," he wrote to Villiers, "be you persuaded to interfere yourself, either by word or letter, in *any* cause depending in *any* court of justice, nor suffer any other great man to do it, when you can hinder it, and by all means *dissuade* the king himself from it." . . . "Be your hands and the hands of your hands, I mean those about you, clean and uncorrupt from *gifts*, from meddling in titles, and from serving on turns, be they of great ones, or small ones." . . . "The place of Justice is a hallowed place, and, therefore, not only the bench, but the foot pace, and precincts, and surprise thereof, ought to be preserved from scandal and corruption." Assuredly the author of these eloquent words understood the character of secret attempts to compel judges to warp their decisions, of screening criminals from public justice, and of tainting the judgment-seat with corruption.

Such were Bacon's *thoughts*, what his *acts* were we shall set down as briefly as possible. No beggarly courtier who knelt to James to buy the hand of a rich heiress, no priest who cringed at Buckingham's levies to crave a mitre or a benefice, surpassed the attorney-general and chancellor in servile flattery of the king and his favorite. We might fill pages with evidences of this fact, but we gladly pass from the mournful scenes of moral and intellectual prostitution. When the murder of Overbury cried for vengeance, and disclosed the hateful orgies of Whitehall, Bacon, evidently guessing at some fearful secret, lent his aid to attempts to suppress inquiry, and did this to gratify his master. In a number of letters he congratulated James upon the peaceful triumphs of his reign, meaning by the phrase his country's degradation. He proposed to influence the Parliament of 1614, and also that of 1621; and, though certainly not averse to parliaments, during six years he never insisted upon the necessity of convening one. He took part with more or less prominence in most of the illegal acts of the interim; assented to royal proclamations entrenching upon the domain of statutes, set the seal to the most disgraceful monopolies, and exulted in forcing a man to his ruin for having sharply denounced a benevolence, and reflected on its false-hearted exactor. In a very remarkable letter to the king, he tells

him that his "*endeavors* with the recusants had been no *small spurs to make them feel his laws*, and that their penalties should be farmed, as a means of an increase of revenue;" believing of course that mullets for conscience' sake "did not deface the laws of society." How well he worked the penal laws, and the stern process of the Star Chamber, as means of filling unfairly the exchequer, and how, no doubt, against his inclination, he engaged in divers cruel prosecutions, we know from several cases of this period; nor is there a proof that he ever deprecated the usurpations and exactions of the priesthood. As for his practising with the officers of justice, in every possible kind of case, against the protest, always of one of them, and of the whole bench on one occasion, this is evident from his own admissions; and the case of Peacham reveals too clearly his method of extorting confessions, and the part he played in assisting at torture. As for his conduct upon the bench, we shall here say only that his letters prove that he did repeatedly, when on the judgment-seat, "allow a great man to interfere" with his suitors; and that not once, but over and over again, in public and private, to friends and foes, he acknowledged that "neither his hands, nor his hands' hands, were free from corruption." In a word, during the whole of this period the language and conduct of this great man were as far apart as light and darkness; and we do not know a more memorable instance of the "law of sin which is in the members bringing into captivity" the law of conscience.

This, then, is our general charge against Bacon, that, being one of the first of intellects, having naturally a kind and humane disposition, being far beyond his age in civil prudence, and thoroughly comprehending our law and constitution, he should have identified himself with a government conspicuous for its meanness and tyranny, its cruelty, illegality, and rapacity, and should not only have sanctioned its acts, but in several instances, have encouraged it in a course of wrong and despotic innovation. Was it for Bacon, the glory of English intellect, to illustrate, by a number of examples, the truth of that deep and mournful saying that when the light within us is darkness, that darkness is very great and terrible? Was he to earn for his name the censure which

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attaches justly to those wrong-doers, who put bitter for sweet, and sweet for bitter, and evil for good, and good for evil? Could not he, engaged at this very time, at the noble work of endowing man with the "secret of the labyrinth of nature," have left to others the wretched task of packing parliaments, torturing prisoners, enforcing violations of the constitution, conniving at public fraud and robbery, and tainting the judgment-seat with corruption? Let us freely admit any mitigating facts which may be urged for him at this juncture—that in many instances he did display humanity as a public prosecutor—that he usually acted under the orders of the king, the Privy Council, and Buckingham—that at this period an officer of the Crown was more under the sovereign's control than he ever has been since the Revolution—that some traces of his wisdom and philanthropy, though not so many as in former days, appear in his correspondence at this time,—and that he fulfilled the duties of a chancellor with great despatch and commanding genius. Still the general charge remains unanswered; nor do we believe it possible for any one to meet it fairly in every particular, or to do more than excuse it partially. Mr. Dixon, however, has attempted this; and his efforts, although occasionally ingenious, and, in some respects successful, are as a whole, we think, a signal failure. He avoids entirely calling attention to the character of the government in these years, and to Bacon's close relations with it. He omits to allude to several of the facts which tell most heavily against his client—his influencing the Parliament of 1614, his efforts to stop the mouth of Somerset, and to stifle inquiry at the trial, his deep responsibility in the case of Peacham, his double confession of the charge of acts of bribery and corruption, and his extraordinary subsequent conduct so inconsistent with the hypothesis of his innocence. With respect to the residue of the charges, he avails himself of a well known artifice in common use among wary advocates—he evades the *cumulative* force of the proofs, discusses the charges one by one, and claims in this way an absolving verdict. That some of his pleadings may be admitted, we fully concede in justice to him, but, even as regards this part of his argument, we think his account in the main erroneous.

Let us first refer to the case of St. John, respecting which Mr. Dixon tells us that Bacon deserves rather praise than otherwise. In 1614, the Parliament, which the attorney-general had advised James to "influence" to his wishes, was most improperly closed by a dissolution, and some of its members were thrown into prison. James tried to supply his treasury by a "benevolence," an impost, which, if levied by coercion, contravened a celebrated popular statute,—though, if asked merely as a free gift, it was possibly just within the law,—but which, in whatever form or guise, was odious to the mass of the nation. It is not improbable that this benevolence was claimed in the shape of a voluntary offering,—the meaning of which is tolerably intelligible,—but it is certain that it aroused indignation, and that the first law authority of the day expressed for a time a doubt of its legality. In the angry state of the public mind, especially when the law was doubtful, it was surely the duty of the attorney-general to treat remonstrance with some deference, not to scan too harshly the language of protest, and not to punish with reckless severity even noisy vehemence on the subject. What, however, was Bacon's conduct on the occasion? He scorned the opposition to the benevolence, supported the king in his evil policy, reflected on Coke for questioning the law, and singled out an individual who had written a libel in reference to the subject, for the tender mercies of the Star Chamber,—that is for a fine of crushing amount, and imprisonment for an indefinite period. Let us admit every one of Mr. Dixon's pleas—that in fact coercion was not employed as regards the levy of the benevolence,—that St. John was a despicable character,—and that his language reflected bitterly on the king,—was Bacon, therefore, justified in urging the raising a fund by questionable means, in spurning public opinion on the subject, in setting aside the legal doubts of Coke, and in praying for such a tremendous judgment for the offence of writing a libel on the question? Mr. Dixon seems to think this was right—even by the rules of the present day;—we beg to protest against this conclusion.

We pass on to the case of Peacham, in allusion to which Mr. Dixon assures us "that the lawyer is happy who has no worse recol-

lection," than the having imitated Bacon on this occasion. Let us take the case from the words of Judge Croke, a prerogative lawyer of the time of Elizabeth, and a contemporary witness of the highest value. "Edward Peacham was indicted for treason, for divers treasonable passages in a sermon which was never preached, or never intended to be preached, but only set down in writing and found in his study." . . . "Many of the judges were of opinion that it was not treason." . . . "He was tried and found guilty, but not executed." These few words record a prosecution, disgraceful in the annals of English jurisprudence, and in which we think it impossible to relieve the conduct of Bacon from weighty censure. It appears from Bacon's letters and the state trials, that, on the discovery of Peacham's sermon, the royal jurist, whose meddling in law led him into several follies and infamies, insisted upon a prosecution for treason, and actually wrote an opinion on the subject. Many of the judges, however, servile as they were, presumed to doubt if unpublished writings could be an overt act of high treason; and although there is a passage in the Institutes, which appears to solve the doubt in the affirmative, it is certain that even at this period no precedent could be found for a view which contravened the plain words of the statute. In this state of affairs, Bacon undertook to seduce the judges to his master's wishes; that is, by private practising, and arguments, to lead them to wrest the law against their consciences, and not only to plan the death of a fellow-subject, but to lay down a rule for all time, destructive alike of reason and liberty. He went himself to the chief justice, and sent his colleagues separately to confer with the other judges of the king's bench, in the hope, as he tells us out of his own mouth, that Coke would not continue in opposition, "if put in doubt that he would be alone in it." This conduct is an interesting commentary on the precept that any interposition in any cause in a court of justice, is culpable in the highest degree, nor need we say a word of its morality. That, besides, it was a violation of the law, of which Bacon was the public defender, is proved not only by Coke's own words, "that such auricular taking of opinions was not according to the custom of the realm," but by a remarkable passage from

the year books, which expressly declares that "in cases of treason which deserve so fatal and extreme a punishment, the judges ought not to deliver their opinions beforehand, in a case put, and proofs urged of one side in the absence of the accused," because "*that they cannot stand indifferent, and do right between the king and the people.*" We will do Bacon the justice to believe that shocking conscience and outraging law were not among his "happy recollections."

Nor was this the end of this disgraceful business. It was necessary, not only to garble the law, but to find evidence against the accused, and to force him to implicate others. For this purpose, a special commission, of which the attorney-general was a member, resolved upon the illegal crime of putting the wretched prisoner to torture, and wringing testimony from his agonies. It is sickening to think that Bacon the philosopher, the friend of humanity, the Plato of England, should have sat by while Peacham was "questioned before, after, and during torture," and actually should have written to the king to try again the hideous experiment. We will grant that he shared the guilt with others, and that possibly for this atrocious act the king and Council are primarily answerable. It is evident from his letters, however, that he felt himself a chief agent in this wickedness, and that his conscience accused him for it. "I wish it were otherwise," he wrote to James, "complaining that he was driven to the question." And as for the illegality of this act, we shall merely observe that, although there are proofs that torture was used in the Tudor age, the practice, even in the reign of Edward II., was declared expressly to be "abominable;" that Coke says in the plainest words, that "torture is not warranted in this land;" and that only a few years after this time all the judges gave a unanimous opinion against the lawfulness of this shameful cruelty. Nor do we remember a single instance, even in the iron age of the Tudors, excepting that of the infamous Rich, who lied Sir Thomas More to his scaffold, and watched the torments of Anne Askew, in which the first law officer of the Crown assisted personally at this barbarous inquisition.

We assert, therefore, in Peacham's case, that Bacon not only was guilty of deeds un-

sanctioned by the practice of the age, but that he wilfully broke the law, although its sworn and responsible supporter. What is the answer of Mr. Dixon to these grave and most evident charges? We pass by the irrelevant pleas that Peacham was a "libeller and a liar," that his sermon was full of treasonable matter, and that he wrongfully implicated others when in the mortal agony of the "question." As regards the charge of tampering with the judges, Mr. Dixon thinks that Bacon is absolved, because, in the case of the "heretic" Legate, the officers of the Crown consulted Coke in reference to the amount of the punishment. He tells us that this is a clear precedent in favor of the lawfulness of asking the judges to anticipate a trial, to declare beforehand the nature of a crime, and to give their opinion upon an act, the evidence of which is not before them! For a judge *after* a case has been heard, and *after* conviction has been obtained, and *after* all the proofs have been adduced, to listen to an attorney-general's suggestion respecting the sentence which is to follow, is the same thing as a judge being led *before* the accused has been brought to the bar, and *before* a word of the charge has been heard, to take his view of the law and facts from the secret prompting of the accusing party! To state the two cases proves that they differ as widely as any two cases can; and, even if Legate's case were a "precedent" in favor of this tampering with the judges, Mr. Dixon has scarcely a right to plead it, since Bacon was one of the law officers who sought for Coke's opinion on the sentence, and his own misdeed can never excuse him.

This defence of the "tampering," therefore, fails; and what is the plea to the second charge in reference to the torturing of Peacham? Mr. Dixon insists that the practice of torture was common in Europe in the sixteenth century, and was quite a custom in Tudor England. This assumes as true, in regard to England, what certainly is at best questionable; and keeps out of view the important facts, that torture was prohibited by law, and that the law officers of the Crown apparently shunned the countenancing the practice, the most telling circumstance against Bacon. He also contends, that throughout this business, Bacon acted under the orders of the Council, and was, at

most, their consenting agent; a plea certainly true in part, and which we gladly receive in palliation. But Bacon's own letters show that he felt that he was highly responsible for the deed; nor should we forget, in reference to this point, that the attorney-general must have been the chief adviser of James and the Council, as regards the *lawfulness* of the proceeding. It is obvious, therefore, that, though at the time when the sentence was actually being inflicted, the king and Council were most guilty, the sin of advising this odious tragedy,—not to speak of that of assisting in it,—must rest mainly on the head of Bacon. It follows, therefore, that the attempt to shift the blame upon other persons is only very partially successful; and that Bacon, as he evidently felt, must bear the charge of being a principal in an act of gross and illegal cruelty. Would this be "a happy recollection," we will not say for a lawyer of this day, but even for a Finch or a Saunders?

As Mr. Dixon thinks that tampering with the judges was not a fault in a lawyer of that day, we shall scarcely refer to the case of "Commendams," in which Bacon tried to justify this practice, on principles evidently contrary to law, and declared that "he had no scruple in this service." We shall merely observe, that all the judges, dependent and slavish as they were, with the one exception of Sir Edward Coke, maintained that "notwithstanding the letter," which Bacon had written to order delay, "they were sworn to go forth and do the law;" and that Coke, when the rest of his brethren had succumbed, remained firm in his honest opposition. Mr. Dixon's account of this interesting scene, when James, with Bacon and the Chancellor Egerton, convened the remonstrant sages before them, and read them an angry lecture on their duties, is tolerably graphic and well narrated; but it purposely diminishes the figure of Coke, and it falls into the common error of ascribing the fall of Coke to this incident. The fact is, that Coke was disgraced for the active and energetic part which he took as regards the murder of Overbury, and which, for some reason at present unknown, but possibly not very difficult to guess, excited the king's indignation and terror.

We come next to the case of Somerset, in reference to which Mr. Dixon enlarges upon

the "gentleness and mercy" of Bacon, in opening the charge for the prosecution, and on his kindliness and humanity in advising the pardon of Sir Thomas Monson. We accept these facts in Bacon's favor; but why did Mr. Dixon suppress the real circumstances of this terrible case, which perhaps disclose a different motive than that of humanity for Bacon's conduct, and certainly prove him guilty of abetting the checking inquiry in a great prosecution? It is quite evident from Bacon's letters that he knew that Somerset was privy to some secret which touched the honor of the king to the quick; that the secret had some reference to the circumstances bearing on Overbury's murder; and that he preferred, at his master's instance, to stay a thorough and searching investigation, to running the risk of some fearful disclosure. Else, what is the meaning of phrases like these: . . . "Your majesty will be careful to choose a steward of judgment, that may be able to moderate the evidence, and cut off digressions, for I may interrupt, but cannot silence." . . . "If my Lord of Somerset should break forth into any speech of taxing the king, be he not to be presently by the Lord Steward interrupted and silenced?" Couple these allusions with the fact that Somerset openly boasted that the king would not dare to bring him to trial: that James privately reviewed the evidence, and ordered Bacon to omit part of it; that the "restless motions" of the king in reference to the conduct of the cause was commented on by several observers; and that, most probably, the very "digressions" which Bacon was so eager to suppress would have given some clue to the dreadful crime; and we hardly can doubt that Bacon knew that Somerset's trial was delicate ground on which it behoved him to tread with care, and from which it was absolutely necessary to exclude the searching light of thorough investigation. This possibly might account for the lenity of his tone and behavior at Somerset's trial; and as for the case of Sir Thomas Monson, it is singular, too, that the mercy of Bacon concurred exactly with that of James, who insisted on stopping the trial of Monson for some reason we do not know, and never forgave the vehemence of Coke, who struggled to press the business forward. We do not affirm that these various facts disprove the lenity and mercifulness of Bacon as a pro-

secuting counsel for the Crown; but, unquestionably, they weaken the proof on the subject; and they plainly convict him of wrong connivance, if not of very criminal complicity. It is clear why Mr. Dixon omitted them when dealing with the cases of Monson and Somerset.

We now come to the important question, Was Bacon guilty of judicial corruption? Our charges against him are twofold: that although he well knew the impropriety of third persons interfering for suitors, he permitted the king and Buckingham to do so, not once or twice, but in common practice; and that, while he insisted on the necessity of "keeping the hands of judges pure," his own were certainly soiled with corruption. As regards the first charge, in itself a grave one, it is proved conclusively by Bacon's correspondence; and as Mr. Dixon does not refer to it, he has allowed judgment to pass against his client. As for the second, and more important charge, Mr. Dixon claims a triumphant acquittal; and although we cannot concur in this, and our general impression remains unchanged, we gladly admit that he has weakened the proofs against Bacon's judicial integrity. This, indeed, we think the best part of this book; it displays learning and acuteness; brings out several new facts which hitherto had not attracted notice; and relieves Bacon from the imputation of being a gross and wholesale seller of justice to the highest bidder, a character not unfrequently given him. Beyond this, however, it is not successful; and when Mr. Dixon asserts that Bacon was a perfect Aristides of justice, we can only smile at the "logic of his ideas."

Mr. Dixon's case on this subject is this: That it was a common practice for suitors at that period to give presents to the judges who decided their causes; that such presents were not in the nature of bribes, but rather in that of perquisites of office, if given after the suit had ended; that those presents only were bribes which were made with ill faith to procure a judgment, and therefore before the cause had been finished; that all the cases of presents to Bacon were either offerings made to him when he really thought that judgment had been pronounced, or were simply debts, or innocent gifts, entirely disconnected from litigation; and, consequently, that the charge against Bacon of taking

bribes, upon which that Bacon conspired against the vindictive of the whelm of his that his sion was disease, and in errors, integrity of Parli time, c This be that Ba than he Altho defence way, ar from so It is do system obsole present extrava consider tain the against nearly his dis Bacon's sense of that B of the d after a distinct randa that his laid lit forget a dical a in Bac taking upon t be in p and the neither It is tions, t gifts, B

bribes, and being corrupt, is a wicked libel upon his memory. Mr. Dixon also insists that Bacon was the victim of a determined conspiracy, got up by Buckingham and his agents, in which the king at least participated; that he was mercilessly assailed by vindictive enemies; that the Peers and most of the Commons were in a league to overwhelm the virtuous chancellor; that many of his friends believed in his innocence; that his full, complete, and minute confession was owing partly to the weakness of disease, in part to a credulous trust in James, and in part to a consciousness of judicial errors, though certainly not of a want of integrity; and, accordingly, that the judgment of Parliament, although hitherto unshaken by time, cannot stand the inquiry of the critic. This being reversed, it is easy to assure us that Bacon was not less upright as a judge than he was eminent as a philosopher.

Although plausible and partly sound, this defence, we think on the whole, must give way, and certainly does not protect Bacon from some of the facts which tell against him. It is doubtless true that, in Bacon's age, the system of feeing judges by presents was not obsolete nor very uncommon; and that such presents, when made after judgment, and not extravagant in point of amount, were not considered as bribes. But it is equally certain that honorable men had set their faces against the practice; that Sir Thomas More, nearly a century before, had pointedly shown his disapproval of it, and that a judge of Bacon's own time had expressly marked his sense of its impropriety. It is evident, too, that Bacon must have seen the flimsiness of the distinction between a bribe before and after a decision; and, although he drew the distinction himself, when making memoranda for his defence, it is very remarkable that his friends in Parliament appear to have laid little stress upon it. Nor should we forget that, although the system of post-judicial acceptance of gifts was not regarded in Bacon's time as precisely the same as taking bribes, this appears to have been upon the condition that such presents should be in proportion to the length, the difficulty, and the nature of the cause, and should be neither irregular nor immoderate.

It is evident, then, from these considerations, that even as respects this species of gifts, Bacon was not free entirely from cor-

ruption. What he did, if not completely illegal, had been denounced by upright magistrates, by no one more pointedly than by himself, and could not have cheated his own understanding into any misconception whatever. What he did, if at all justifiable in the view that such presents were in the nature of fees, assessed upon a reasonable scale, became grossly improper and wrong when carried on to the lavish extent to which he pushed this suspicious practice. If there are traces that Coke and Egerton accepted small post-judicial offerings, where is the trace, in the case of these magistrates or of any judge within the century, of such enormous presents as those which were swept into the lap of Bacon? It is plain, therefore, even as regards the class of post-judicial offerings, that Bacon was not free from culpability; that to take the most favorable view of his conduct, he exaggerated a very questionable practice until it became an intolerable evil; and that, knowing as he did, that absolute purity was one of the chief requirements in a judge, he enlarged vicious precedents which led directly to judicial corruption. Was the merely delaying the moment of venality "preserving the place of justice hallowed"?

If, however, a partial excuse may be urged for Bacon's conduct in these cases, what can be said as regards the instances in which he broke through his own distinction, and accepted money before giving judgment? Mr. Dixon, of course to maintain his thesis, denies the existence of such instances, or contends for Bacon's ignorance, or forgetfulness, in reference to the time of the acceptance. We join issue with him on this point; and taking Bacon's published confession—prepared evidently with great deliberation, and intended as a defence for posterity—we assert that the cases of Trevor and Wharton, of Egerton and Hansbye, of Montague and Reynell—six out of the twenty-eight charges alleged,—were clear cases of gifts before judgment,—that is, of plain and admitted bribery. We assert further, there is no proof—not even Bacon's *positive* assurance—of real ignorance or forgetfulness in the matter; and, although there is an *attempt* of this kind, we candidly own that it sounds to our ears a thoroughly "*non mi ricordo*" defence.*

* Notwithstanding the length of our comments.

We maintain, therefore, that, though the defence ostentatiously urged by Mr. Dixon excuses Bacon in some degree, it leaves unanswered a grave charge of what we may call constructive corruption, and six charges of positive bribery. And what is the value and truth of the circumstances which Mr. Dixon sets round the trial, by means of which he would influence our judgment? Admit that Bacon had many enemies, that Churchill and Keeling were tainted witnesses, that the king and Buckingham threw him over,—do these facts establish his innocence? Could not such excuses be equally pleaded in reference to the case of Hastings, and do they atone for the slaughter of the Rohillas, or for the plunder of Oude and we quote the words which Bacon employed in these instances, which appear to us as conclusive as possible.

I. "I confess and declare that I received at New Year's tide £100 from Sir John Trevor; and because it came as a New Year's gift I neglected to inquire whether the cause was ended or depending: but since I find that though the cause was then dismissed to a trial at law, *yet the equity was reserved*, so it was in that kind *pendente lite*."

II. "I confess and declare that I did receive of the Lady Wharton, at two several times as I remember, in gold, £200 and 100 pieces; and this was certainly *pendente lite*."

III. "I do confess and declare, that upon a reference from his majesty of all suits and controversies between Sir Rowland Egerton and Edward Egerton, both parties submitted themselves to my award by recognizances reciprocal in 10,000 marks apiece. Thereupon after divers hearings I made my award with the advice and consent of my Lord Hobart. The award was perfected and published to the parties, which was in February. Then some days after the £300 mentioned in the charge was delivered to me. Afterwards Mr. Edward Egerton flew off from the award. Then in Midsummer Term following a suit was begun in Chancery by Sir Rowland, to have the award confirmed; and upon that suit was the decree made mentioned in the article."

IV. Hansbye's case. "I confess and declare that there were two decrees, one as I remember for the inheritance, and the other for the goods and chattels, *but all upon one bill*: and some good time after the first decree and before the second, the said £500 was delivered unto me by Mr. Toby Mathew: so as I cannot deny it was in the matter *pendente lite*."

V. Montague's case. "I confess and declare there was money given, and, as I remember, to Mr. Bevis Thelwall" (an agent of the chancellor) "to the sum £700 mentioned in the article after the cause was decreed; but I cannot say it was ended, for there have been many orders since."

VI. Reynell's case. "I confess and declare that at my first coming to the Seal, when I was at Whitehall, my servant Hunt delivered me £200 from Sir George Reynell, . . . and this was, as I verily think, before any suit began. The ring was received certainly *pendente lite*; and though it were at New Year's tide, it was too great a value for a New Year's gift."

Benares? As for the animus of the Houses against Bacon, we appeal with confidence to the State trials, to show that although a majority in both were certainly very adverse to Bacon, he had still the offer of an impartial hearing, and every possible opportunity of defending himself. It is also true, that a number of persons appear to have clung to him to the last; but really a plea of this description is scarcely worth a moment's consideration. And as for the other assertions of Mr. Dixon, what weight have they, and can they be substantiated? If Bacon were ill, could he not have sought a longer time for answering the charges; and seeing what we see in the State trials, can we doubt that it would have been joyfully granted? Where is the proof that James and Buckingham seduced him into a weak confession, and what motive had James to do so? How can any thing be more idle than the supposition that if Bacon really had a defence he could have been led by any one to forego it? And in fact, as Lord Macaulay observes, the very idea of such a thing would argue a greater baseness in Bacon than his worst enemy ever charged him with. It is impossible to conceive a greater degree of servility than that which could induce an innocent man—and that man Bacon—to abandon his own defence, and allow judgment to go against him then and forever, merely to suit the convenience of his master,—that master being James I.

Besides, even if we partly admit the truth of these purely collateral circumstances, what value have they, when weighed in the scale against Bacon's positive confession: "I ingenuously confess I am guilty of corruption, do renounce all defence, and put myself on your lordships"? If we bear in mind that these memorable words were uttered after full time for deliberation,—that Bacon at first had meditated a defence, and afterwards chose advisedly to withdraw it—that he made a prior confession of the charges which the Peers rejected as too general—and that the confession actually put in bears every trace of minute elaboration—a series of facts omitted by Mr. Dixon—we hold it merely a waste of time to question that Bacon meant what he said, or to search for evidence beyond the confession. Add to this, that not once or twice, but repeatedly, he admits guilt in his subsequent

letters; that he never prayed for a reversal of the sentence on the grounds of surprise or error in the judgment, though he often did on the ground of its severity; and that his tone to James and Buckingham, before his pardon had been made out, is that of a man borne down by shame, and sinking under the load of misery, but not that of injured virtue: and we cannot hesitate as to our conclusion. Probability is the rule of life; and, when we have in one side of the scale, the evidence of the party most interested to lead the mind to an opposite conclusion, and yet thoroughly establishing his guilt in a long series of positive proofs, and in the other there only appear a mass of facts, in part irrelevant, and in part only raising a presumption, and a number of vague and dubious conjectures, we are bound not to shut our eyes to the balance.

As regards, therefore, the general charge of abetting a bad and treacherous government, and as regards the particular acts which we have examined in these pages, we cannot say "not guilty" for Bacon. The rule of criticism is that of law, enunciated in his pregnant words—"it were infinite to consider the causes of causes, and their impulsions one of another;" and in judging of the moral aspect of acts we must pronounce on the evidence alone, and not run to remote conjectures. Tried by this test, the conduct of Bacon in several phases of his career cannot escape the censure of history, and must reflect discredit upon him. But in judging his character as a whole—and we gladly do so "with charitable speech," to use the mournful phrase of his will—we may fairly consider several facts, and look into several probabilities which, though not sufficient to cancel wrong, nor justly admissible against proof—may fairly relieve his memory from some obloquy. We have already referred to the deep wisdom, and to the schemes of benevolence and philanthropy, which occasionally marked his public conduct; and these in justice should be set off against his faults, his sins, and his

misdeeds. Brought up as he was in the air of prerogative, the son of a Tudor lawyer and judge, and the "young lord keeper" of Queen Elizabeth, we can scarcely appreciate the obligation of obedience which he felt was due to the Crown by its servants, and which led him into that habit of obsequiousness and most of those disgraceful acts which have cast indelible stains upon his character. Living as he did in an age of transition, when our polity was undefined and unsettled, he felt himself not bound down by rules which are now well recognized by statesmen; and although we naturally visit him with blame for not having been as advanced in political morality as we know that he was supreme in speculation, we must bear in mind that the former quality depends as much on courage as on wisdom, and that Bacon certainly was not courageous. Nor should we forget that history gives us the most offensive parts of his character; that while it records his errors and his fall, it is probably silent as to many of his good deeds; and that these should certainly be taken into account if we would see Bacon as he really was. At a distance, as Bishop Berkeley observes, the most magnificent building appears a speck of darkness upon the landscape; and only a close approach reveals the richness and majesty of its proportions. So, let us in charity hope, may have been the life of Francis Bacon could we examine it not from afar and only on its public side, but in all its social and private relations. Mr. Dixon appears to us not to have materially altered the aspect of the case; and certainly the declamatory vehemence and rhetorical artifices which he employs are altogether out of place. We still await with interest the more mature publication of the biographical volumes with which Mr. Spedding has promised to complete his magnificent edition of the works of Bacon: but we do not conceive that any fresh manipulation of historical evidence can change the moral conviction arising from a candid survey of Bacon's life.

From Once a Week.

THE DUNG-BEETLE.

(A NEW TALE, BY HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN.)

Now the Emperor's Horse got shoes of gold—a golden shoe on each foot.

Why was it that he got golden shoes?

He was the handsomest of steeds; he had fine legs, his eyes were wise looking, and he had a mane that hung down like a silken veil over his neck. He had carried his master through the smoke of battle and through showers of bullets; he had heard the balls screech and sing; he had bitten, and pawed, and fought when the enemy pressed on; he had leapt with the Emperor on his back over the horse of the fallen foe; saved his Emperor's crown of red gold; saved his Emperor's life, which was more than red gold, and so the Emperor's horse got shoes of gold—a golden shoe on each foot.

And now the Dung-beetle crept out.

"First the great and then the small," he said; "but it isn't the size that makes the difference," and with that he stretched out his thin legs.

"What do you want?" asked the Smith.

"Gold shoes," answered the Dung-beetle.

"You must have a bee in your bonnet," said the Smith. "Must you have gold shoes, too?"

"Gold shoes!" said the Dung-beetle.

"Am not I just as good as yon big beast, who must be groomed, and curried, and waited on, who must have food and drink? Don't I belong, too, to the Emperor's stable?"

"But," asked the Smith, "why did the horse get gold shoes? Don't you know that?"

"Know! I know why well enough," said the Dung-beetle. "It was to put a slight upon me. It is an insult—and so now I will e'en go out into the wide world."

"Sneak off with you," said the Smith.

"Rude fellow!" said the Dung-beetle, and so he went out of doors, flew a little bit, and now he was in a sweet little flower-garden, where there was such a smell of roses and lavender.

"Isn't it lovely, here?" said one of the small Ladybirds, which flew about with black spots on the red shield-strong wings. "How sweet every thing smells here, and how charming every thing is!"

"I am used to better things," said the Dung-beetle. "Call this charming! Why there isn't so much as one dung-heap!"

And so he went farther on, under the shade of a tall wallflower; there a Caterpillar crawled up to him

"How lovely the world is!" said the Caterpillar. "The sun is so warm—every thing is so delightful! and when once I fall asleep and die as they call it, I shall wake up and be a Butterfly."

"Any more fancies?" said the Dung-beetle. "Now we fly about as Butterflies—do we? I come from the Emperor's stable, but no one there, not even the Emperor's charger, who, after all, trots on my cast-off gold shoes, has such fancies. Get wings!—fly!—look at me, how I fly," and so the Dung-beetle flew away, saying, "I don't wish to be out of temper, but yet I am out of temper."

So he plumped down on a great grass-plot, and there he lay still awhile and fell asleep.

Heavens! what a downpour of rain fell! The Dung-beetle woke up at the patter, and tried to get under ground, but he couldn't. He rolled over and over, and swam on his belly and on his back; as for flying, it was no good thinking of that: it seemed as though he would never leave the grassplot alive, and so there he lay and lay.

When the shower held up a little, and the Dung-beetle had winked the water out of his eyes, he caught a glimpse of something white. It was linen put out to bleach, and he reached it, and crept under a fold of the wet linen. It was not, truth to say, just the same thing as lying in the warm dung in the stable; but there was nothing better, and so he stayed there a whole day and a whole night, and so long did the rain last. Next morning the Dung-beetle came out; he was so out of humor with the climate.

There on the linen sat two frogs: their clear eyes gleamed for very joy.

"This is blessed weather," said one: "how it freshens one up, and this linen holds the water so beautifully! I feel such a tickling in my hind legs, just as if I were about to swim."

"I'd like to know, now," said the other, "if the Swallow who flies so far about, if he, in all his many travels abroad, has ever found a better climate than ours—such drizzle and such wet! 'Tis for all the world like lying in a damp drain! If one is not glad at this, one can have no love for his own native land."

"Then you have never been in the Emperor's stable?" asked the Dung-beetle. "There it is both warm and balmy. That's what I have been used to, that's my climate; but then one can't take that along with one on one's travels. Is there no dung-heap in this garden where people of station like me can turn in and feel themselves at home?"

But the Frogs did not understand him, or did not choose to understand him.

"I never ask a question twice," said the Dung-beetle, after he had asked it three times and got no answer.

So he went on a bit farther, and there lay a potsherd. It ought not to have lain there; but as it lay it gave shelter. Here lived ever so many families of Earwigs. They don't want much house-room, but they must have company. The lady Earwigs are very tender mothers, and so the young ones of each were models of beauty and wisdom.

"Our son has gone and engaged himself," said one mother; "sweet little innocent! his highest aim in life is to be able, one day or other, to creep into a parson's ear. He is such a childish darling. And this engagement will keep him out of bad company. 'Tis such a pleasure to a mother's heart."

"Our son," said another mother, "was at his tricks as soon as ever he crept out of the egg; he is full of fun, and is putting out horns. What an immense joy for a mother, is it not, Mr. Dung-beetle?" for they knew the stranger by the cut of his jib.

"You are both of you quite right," said the Dung-beetle, and so he was asked to step up into the parlor, for so far one could go into the potsherd.

"Now you must see my little Earwigs," said a third and a fourth mother; "they are the dearest children, and so amusing. They are never naughty except when something pains them inside, but that is so common at their age."

And so each mother talked about her little ones, and the little ones talked too, and used the little fork that they have on their tails to pull the Dung-beetle's moustachios.

"Little rogues," said the mothers, bursting with tenderness, "how they make themselves at home with every thing!"

But that bored the Dung-beetle, and so he asked if it were far from thence to the Dung-heap.

"That is far, far out in the world, on the other side of the Drain," said the Earwigs; "so far I hope none of my bairns will ever get, else I should die outright."

"So far, though, I will try to get," said the Dung-beetle; and so off he went without leave-taking, for that is the politest way.

By the drain-side he met some more of his race—all Dung-beetles of that ilk.

"Here we live," they said, "and a jolly life, too. Mayn't we ask you to turn down into the fat soil? You must be tired after your journey."

"So I am," said the Dung-beetle. "I have lain on linen in rainy weather, and

washing and cleanliness take it out of me more than any thing else. I have got the rheumatism, too, in one of my wing-joints by standing in a draught under a potsherd. It is really refreshing to come at last to one's own people!"

"You come, perhaps, from the dung-heap?" asked the others.

"Higher up," said the Dung-beetle. "I come from the Emperor's stable, where I was born with gold shoes on my feet; I am travelling on secret services, about which you mustn't ask me, for I won't tell you."

And so the Dung-beetle stepped down into the fat slush. There sat three young lady Dung-beetles, and they tittered, for they knew not what to say.

"They are not engaged," said their mother, and so they tittered again, but it was only out of bashfulness.

"I have never seen fairer young ladies than these, even in the Emperor's stable," said the travelling Dung-beetle.

"Don't deceive my daughters! and don't talk to them, unless you really have intentions—ah! I see you have, and so I give you my blessing."

"Hurrah!" shouted all the others, and so the Dung-beetle was betrothed. First betrothed, then bridal, and then—there was not much to look for.

The next day went smoothly by, the day after it was dull work, but when the third day came, it was time to think of getting food for his wife and perhaps for little ones.

"I have let myself be taken by surprise," said the Dung-beetle, "and so I may just as well take them by surprise, too."

And so he did. Gone he was; gone the whole day, gone the whole night—and there his wife sat a widow. The other Dung-beetles said it was an out-and-out vagabond that they had taken into their family, who had gone and left his wife a burden to them.

"Well!" said her mother, "let her go back and sit among the girls, sit as my child; fie upon that dirty wretch who deserted her!"

Meantime, he was on his travels. He had sailed on a cabbage leaf across the drain; towards morning two men came who saw the Dung-beetle, took him up, turned and twisted him about, and they were very learned men, both of them, especially the younger.

"Allah sees the black dung-beetle in the black rock in the black mountain." Stands it not so written in the Koran?" he asked, and translated the Dung-beetle's name into Latin, and gave a history of his genus and species. The elder was against taking him home, for he said they had just as good spec-

imens, which the Dung-beetle thought was not politely said, and so he flew away from off his hand and fluttered a good way, for his wings were quite dry. And so he got to the hot-house, into which he could creep with the greatest ease, as one of the frames was open. As soon as he got inside, he buried himself deep down into the fresh dung.

"This is nice!" said the Dung-beetle.

Soon he fell into a slumber, and dreamt that the Emperor's horse had fallen and broken his neck, and that the Honorable Mr. Dung-beetle had got his gold shoes, and a promise of two more beside. That was pleasant, and when the Dung-beetle awoke, he crept out and looked about him. What splendor there was in that hot-house! Tall fan-palms spread out their leaves aloft. The sun made them transparent, and under them there were teeming beds of green, among which shone flowers red as fire, yellow as amber, and white as new-fallen snow.

"This is a matchless array of plants; how nice it will all taste when it falls into rottenness!" said the Dung-beetle. "This is a fine store-room. Some of the family live here, no doubt, so I will go out and explore, and see if I can find any one who is fit company for me. Proud I am, I know it; that is just my pride," and so he went about thinking of his dream about the dead horse and the gold shoes won at last.

Then, all at once, a hand caught hold of the Dung-beetle. He was squeezed, and turned, and twisted.

The gardener's little son and a playfellow were in the hot-house, and had seen the Dung-beetle, and were going to have some fun with him. Rolled in a vine-leaf, he went down into a warm trouser-pocket; he scratched and scraped, but he only got a pinch from the boy's hand, who went as fast as he could to the great lake at the end of the garden. There the Dung-beetle was put into an old split wooden shoe, off which the ankle was broken; into it a bit of wood was stuck as a mast, and to the mast our Dung-beetle was tied by a woollen thread. Now he was a skipper, and was to sail on the sea.

It was a very large lake; as for the Dung-beetle, he thought it was the ocean, and he was so scared that he fell on his back, and scrambled with his legs up in the air.

So the wooden shoe sailed, for there was a current in the water, but when the boat got a little too far out, one of the little boys tucked up his trousers in a trice, and waded out and brought it in; but as it was drifted out again and again, the boys got cold, very cold, and they made haste home and let the wooden shoe be a wooden shoe. Then it

drifted and drifted ever further and further from land, and it was fearful work for the Dung-beetle, for he could not fly, he was fast bound to the mast.

Just then a Fly paid him a visit.

"This is fine weather we have," said the Fly, "I can rest myself here—I can sun myself here. You must find it very pleasant here."

"You chatter according to your lights," said the Dung-beetle; "don't you see that I am tethered?"

"Well," said the Fly, "I am not tethered," and so it flew off.

"Now I know the world," said the Dung-beetle. "'Tis a base world. I am the only honest thing in it. First they refuse me gold shoes, next I must lie in wet linen, then stand in a draught, and last of all they fasten a wife on me. If I make a bold step out into the world and see how one can live and how I ought to live, there comes a man's whelp and throws me into bonds on the wild sea. And all this while the Emperor's Horse trots about on his gold shoes. That cuts me most to the heart. But one must not look for sympathy in this world. My adventures in life are very interesting, but what good is that when no one knows them? The world does not deserve to know them, or else it would have given me gold shoes in the Emperor's stable, when the charger was shod, and stretched out his legs. Had I only got these gold shoes, I should have been an honor to the stable, but now it has lost me, and the world has lost me; all is over."

But all was not over yet, for up came a boat with some young girls in it.

"There sails a wooden shoe," said one.

"There is a little insect fast tethered in it," said another.

They were then just alongside of the wooden shoe; they picked it up, and one of the girls took out a tiny pair of scissors, cut the thread of wool in two without hurting the Dung-beetle, and when they came to land, she laid him down in the grass.

"Creep, creep! fly, fly, if you can," she said. "Freedom is a lovely thing!"

And the Dung-beetle flew straight into the open window of a great building, and there he sunk wearily down into the long, soft, fine mane of the Emperor's Horse which stood there in the stable which had been the Dung-beetle's home. He caught fast hold of the mane, and sat awhile humming to himself, "Here I sit on the Emperor's charger! Sit as a knight! What do I say? Ah! now it is all clear. It is a good thought, and a true thought. Why did the horse get gold shoes? That was the very question that Smith asked

me. Now I see it all! 'Twas for my sake that the Horse got his gold shoes.

And so the Dung-beetle got into a good-humor.

"Nothing like travel for clearing the brain," he said.

The sun shone in upon him, shone very brightly.

"The world is not so bad, after all," said the Dung-beetle. "We must only know how to take it."

So the world was lovely, for the Emperor's Horse only got his gold shoes because the Dung-beetle was to be his rider.

"Now," he said, "I will step down to the other beetles, and tell them how much has been done for me. I will tell them of all the pleasant things which befell me in my foreign travels; and I will add, that now I mean to stay at home till the Horse has worn out his gold shoes."

G. W. D.

SECRET SOCIETIES IN IRELAND.—The following are some, and the dates attached:—

Hearts of Oak	1763
Hearts of Steel	1773
Whiteboys	1775?
Terry-alls	1830
Peep-o'-day Boys	—
Ribbonmen	—

I shall feel obliged for the dates of the two last named, as well as any addition to the list.
—Notes and Queries.

We have been requested to publish the following correspondence. Whatever may have been our views heretofore upon the subject of allegiance, the altered condition of affairs—a revolution having been accomplished, and Virginia, by her own sovereign act having declared that she is no longer an integral part of the late United States, it becomes every citizen, native and naturalized, to acknowledge allegiance to Virginia alone. Self-preservation and the best interests of the State, require that there shall be no division of sentiment amongst us now on this important subject. We subjoin the correspondence.

"NELSON CO., VA., NEAR ALLEN'S CREEK. P. O.
"April 18, 1861.

"J. R. Tucker, Attorney General of the State.

"DEAR SIR,—There are a large number of Irishmen at work in this neighborhood, who wish to know your opinion, as regards their duty to the State of Virginia, when out of the Union—they having taken their oath to support the Constitution of the United States. Does the secession of the State absolve them from their oath? An early reply will much oblige your obedient servant,
B. C. MEGGINSON."

"April 22, 1861.

"The oath to support the Constitution of the United States is duly binding so long as a man is a citizen of a State of the Union. When she secedes, he is no longer bound. He is a citizen of Virginia, which has ceased to be one of the United States, and his allegiance is due to Virginia.

"This is my well-settled opinion, and I act upon it. For I am sworn as an officer to support the Constitution of the United States. But

when Virginia secedes I feel I am entirely absolved from my oath, and am bound only to support Virginia.
J. R. TUCKER."

—Lynchburg Virginian.

THE FLEUR-DE-LYS FORBIDDEN IN FRANCE.

—The following has appeared in most of the newspapers during the past month. It is a curious illustration of the manners of the times in which we live. Please preserve it in "N. and Q.," as an item, valuable alike to the historian of art, and the chronicler of human error:—

"By a decision of the Paris Court of Cassation, jewellers and all manufacturers of fancy articles are fully informed that it is unlawful in France, in virtue of a Napoleonic decree, in 1852, against factious or treasonable emblems, banners, etc., to introduce the *fleur-de-lys* on any jewel, bracelet, cabinet-work, tapestry, or upholstery, and, accordingly, the tribunal at Riom, which, on the 28th November last year, gave a more lenient interpretation to the law was wrong, and is rebuked."—Notes and Queries.

OATHS.—In the papers of the 19th ult., reference is made to a lady appearing before one of the magistrates, and when requested to take the oath refusing to do so unless it was administered to her as a Presbyterian; and of a gentleman waiting upon the magistrate, and saying he would find the Act of Parliament. Is there such an act or such a form, or is the oath which is administered in Scotland to a Covenanter the oath alluded to? Where is the form of the latter, and under what Act of Parliament is it administered? Where is an account of the oaths as at present allowed to be administered to be found?
S. O.

[It is not by Statute that a Presbyterian can swear in his own form of oath. But there have been decisions to the effect that any person objecting to a mere form of oath, and declaring himself to be bound by a particular form, may be received as a witness, and the penalty of perjury would follow on an oath so taken.—*Manning v. Clement*. For Forms of Oaths formerly administered, see *The Book of Oaths, and the Several Forms thereof, both Ancient and Modern*, 8vo. 1689. We are not aware where the oaths at present in force will be found recorded.]—Notes and Queries.

"CRY HAVOC, AND LET LOOSE THE DOGS
OF WAR!"

THEY are straining in the slips—
You may feel their sulph'rous breath,
As it steams from throats and lips
That parch and pant for death.
You may hear their muffled bay,
As against the leash they hang,
And churn and toss away,
The foam about the fang,
They need no voice to tarre *
Them on, these dogs of war!

Again — again — again — !
Is it a single sound,
By echo's doubling strain,
Repeated all around ?
Has East as well as West,
Has North as well as South,
Its own crested crest,
Hoarse throat and fanged mouth ?
I see them, near and far,
Those threatening dogs of war !

Where Po runs, brimming over
His green and grassy mound,
Fierce bursting from his cover,
See Italy's young hound —
Spite of tethers that impede,
And hands that would restrain,
He has proved his fighting breed,
And would prove his breed again,
And who has strength to bar
Italy's dogs of war ?

In front, pent, fierce and foul,
Behind their walls of stone,
The Austrian ban-dogs growl,
Late baffled of their bone.
Licking their yet green wounds,
Nursing old grudges warm,
The gaunt and grisly hounds,
Hot for the quarry, swarm —
And hungry dogs they are,
Those Austrian dogs of war !

But ware your rearward foes,
Where on the Theiss' plain
In spite of recent blows,
And unforgotten pain,
The Magyar dogs are trooping,
Defying slip and scourge :
Teeth set and sterns undrooping,
Pestward like waves they surge,
Nor least fierce the Magyar
'Mong Europe's dogs of war.

Neath Savoy's snowy Alp,
On the pleasant banks of Rhone,
Hark ! the French dogs they yelp !
Well Europe knows the tone !
Friends for the moment's friend,
Foes for the moment's foe —
So there's battle at its end,
What odds the road they go ?
With a ribbon and a star
You lead French dogs of war.

* *Tarre*: to set on dogs.—SHAKESPEARE.

And see the sick man lying
Almost in moral wound ;
The bed where he is dying
With his own pack girt round —
The Pariah dogs of Bosnia,
The Rouman wolf-dogs grim,
Mouth their master ere he's dead,
And claim, each hound, his limb.
Carriion to rend and mar
Befits such dogs of war.

And the Danish dogs are baring
Their tushes sharp though small,
While the German mastiff's swearing
To eat them, bones and all :
E'en the ill-used Polish turnspit
That so long the buffets bore
Of the giant Russian bear-hound,
Has shown its teeth once more —
As if Sirius his star
Had fired all dogs of war !

Ringed in with gathering growls,
Fierce fangs on every hand,
'Mid defiant snarls and scowls,
See Britain's bull-dog stand.
Not couchant, as the wont
Is of the placid brute ;
But legs set firm in front,
With muzzle drenched and mute.
Ware all — who tempt too far
That peaceful dog of war ! — *Punch*.

SHADE.

TO-NIGHT, untasted be the cup,
My lips refuse the wooing wine,
Whose restless spirits bubble up,
Like laughter of its native Rhine.
I would not have young Bacchus tread,
With jocund feet and noisy glee,
Where pensive memory rests her head,
Nor wake her from the reverie,
That roams the past with murmuring low,
And twines sere florets round her brow.

Sing me no lightly-worded song,
But tell me how, heart-sick and lone,
Some love-lorn maiden tarried long
In some old castle, lichen-grown,
To hear the massy drawbridge clank,
And mailed retainers outward roll,
Until her heart's forebodings sank
Like rust into her weary soul —
While *he*, the theme of knightly story,
Lay couched in the ghostly arms of glory.

Or, better, wake a sterner note,
How, on his own resources cast,
Some mental gladiator smote
With earnest hand, and won at last
A victory from the world. I would
Not feed my thoughts with trifling wiles,
For grief demands more solid food
Than airy pleasure's simpering smiles,
To force the palsied heart through pain
And fill its veins with life again.

— *Once a Week*

From The Quarterly Review.

1. *Travels and Discoveries in North and Central Africa in the years 1849-55.* By Henry Barth, Ph.D., D.C.L., etc. London, 1857.
2. *Travels, Researches, and Missionary Labors during an Eighteen Years' Residence in Eastern Africa.* By the Rev. Dr. J. Léwis Krapf. London, 1860.
3. *The Lake Regions of Central Africa.* By Richard F. Burton, H. M. I. Army. London, 1860.
4. *Narrative of an Exploring Voyage up the Rivers Kwora and Binue (commonly known as the Niger or Tsadda) in 1854.* By William Balfour Baikie, M.D., R.N., F.R.S., in command of the Expedition. London, 1856.
5. *Narrative of the Niger, Tsadda, and Binue Exploration, including a Report on the Position and Prospects of Trade in those Rivers.* By T. J. Hutchinson, Esq., H. B. M., Consul for the Bight of Biafra. London, 1855.
6. *Sketches of the African Kingdoms and Peoples.* Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge. London, 1860.
7. *The Negro Land of the Arabs Examined and Explained.* By William Desborough Cooley. London, 1841.
8. *Inner Africa Laid Open.* By W. D. Cooley. London, 1852.
9. *Journal of the Royal Geographical Society*, vol. xxx. London, 1861.
10. *Missionary Travels in South-Eastern Africa.* By the Rev. David Livingstone, LL.D. London, 1859.
11. *Egypt, the Soudan and Central Africa, with Explorations from Khartoum on the White Nile to the Regions of the Equator.* By John Petherick, F.R.G.S., H. B. M. Consul for the Soudan. Edinburgh and London, 1861.
12. *Exploration and Adventure in Equatorial Africa.* By M. Du Chaillu. London, 1861.

AFRICA may, in one sense, be defined as a continent of the future. At least seven-eighths of the enormous area of one of the largest divisions of the globe have yet to acquire even the rudiments of true civilization. Although forming so considerable a portion of the earth, Africa has been almost entirely neglected by the nations of modern Europe since the discovery of America. They directed their attention and their enterprise almost exclusively towards the new regions which were so unexpectedly revealed. The tide of colonization long flowed in an uninterrupted stream to the West, where

the hope of easy conquests and the expectation of boundless wealth attracted the most ambitious and energetic spirits of the age. If Columbus could have foreseen the effect which his great discoveries would have upon a large portion of the human race, the piety and humanity of the great navigator would certainly have recoiled from the spectacle. It is a melancholy reflection that one of the continents of the Old World should owe by far the greater portion of its sufferings to the discovery of the New. The conquerors and colonists of America, having used up an immense proportion of the population in compulsory toil, turned to the opposite continent for the supply of their industrial wants. The robust natives of Africa were found to be specially fitted for labor in hot countries, and the petty sovereigns of the coast were soon instructed in the art of replenishing their treasures by the sale of their subjects, who were exported by hundreds of thousands to the remote and unknown regions of the West. Thus one-quarter of the earth has been left a prey to rapacity and violence disgraceful to humanity.

It was not before the close of the last century that any general interest was felt in the condition of Africa. No one supposed that it was endowed with resources little if at all inferior to those of the other continents, or that there existed within the intertropical zone a very dense population, with capacities altogether inconsistent with a theory that dooms them to a state of perpetual barbarism, or of essential inferiority to the rest of the great family of man. Shut out from almost all the influences of ancient civilization, its people have multiplied from age to age in a land which brings forth in prodigious abundance almost every thing that uncivilized man can desire. The clay hut, the slight raiment, coarse but ample food, rude music and the festive dance have, generation after generation, supplied their simple wants and filled up the measure of their enjoyment.

The only civilization which has penetrated to any extent the interior of the African continent, and left its stamp upon the indigenous races, was introduced by the Arabs. They are the only people who now possess, amidst the political and moral wilderness of intertropical Africa, any tolerable form of

civil polity or bond of social organization. The origin of the intercourse between Arabia and Africa is lost in its remoteness, but a commerce between the two countries was carried on from the earliest ages. The conquest of Africa by the Arabs was first attempted by the Caliph Othman, in the year 647 of the Christian era. At the head of forty thousand Moslems, he advanced from Egypt into the unknown regions of the West; and a few years subsequently the Sultan Akbar marched from Damascus, at the head of ten thousand picked troops, and taking into his pay many thousand native Africans, just as England organized and armed the natives of India for its conquests in that country, swept every obstacle before him until his course was arrested by the Atlantic Ocean.* The Arabs speedily advanced by the aid of the camel across the sandy desert towards the centre of the continent, and along the two coasts, as far as the Senegal and the Gambia on the west, and Sofala on the east. From the latter place they not only explored the interior far beyond the limits of ancient discovery, but planted colonies at Mombas, Melinda, and Mozambique. They have since spread over almost every known part of Africa north of the equator, from the shores of the Red Sea to the Atlantic, mingled their blood with negro races, engrafted Mohammedan learning and ingenuity on the ignorance and simplicity of the native tribes, and introduced an Oriental splendor which gives to their governments at least the outward aspect of civilization.

To what extent the letters of Asia have penetrated into Africa it would be difficult to form an opinion, but that the Arab colonists brought with them from time to time many of the treasures of ancient learning there is every reason to believe. A recent traveller in the interior found in many of the Arab chiefs a considerable amount of literary cultivation, and an intellectual activity which invited discussion on some of the most important subjects of human inquiry. The disposition of the Arab chiefs towards England is generally most satisfactory. They are proud of being the objects of occasional diplomatic visits, and receive the compliments and presents with which the envoys are charged with undisguised

satisfaction. The sultan of Sakotu in 1823 sent a body of horse, preceded by drums and trumpets, to escort Captain Clapperton into his capital. Dr. Barth owed his life to the protection of a noble sheikh, who risked every thing dear to him to protect his guest from the hostile designs of a fanatical party in Timbuctoo; and the sultan of Zanzibar has cordially assisted every exploring expedition which has started for the interior from the eastern coast.

When the Portuguese commenced their colonization of Mozambique they found the Arabs in possession of almost the whole of the coast. They dispossessed them of their settlements, converted the mosques into churches, broke up their trading establishments, and entered upon a war of extermination. Many Arab chiefs fled into the interior, beyond the reach of their oppressors, and easily induced multitudes of the indolent and voluptuous natives to embrace the faith of the Prophet. The Mohammedan Arabs settled in Eastern Africa chiefly in the character of traders, and the wealth of the prosperous merchants was lavishly displayed. The city of Melinda was long the pride of Eastern Africa: its gardens were celebrated for their delicious fruits, fountains, and groves, and its inhabitants arrayed themselves in silk and purple.

The rule of the Mohammedan Arabs has given to portions of Africa a certain unity, and imparted a degree of civilization. Some of their political institutions have been found not ill adapted to barbarous races, and their governments may be favorably contrasted with the negro monarchies which have been erected on the western coasts, in regions to which Arab influence has not extended. Egypt, and probably the coast of Africa bordering on the Indian Ocean, was better known to the Eastern nations of antiquity than any portion of Europe. The Carthaginians were, doubtless, well acquainted with the countries south of the Great Desert, for the elephant, which was in extensive use, must have been brought from the regions of Central Africa, as it is not known to have ever been an inhabitant of the Atlas region. When the Romans became masters of Northern Africa, they formed settlements to the south; and many beautiful monuments in the interior of Tripoli, of different periods of art, prove that the dominion of Rome in

* Gibbon, vol. ix., p. 463.

that district of Africa could not have been either of very limited extent or of short duration. The Romans are believed to have established their dominion as far south as Garana or Jerna; but there is in Pliny a distinct account of Suetonius Paulinus (A.D. 41) crossing the great mountains of the Atlas, and even proceeding some distance beyond them; and Ptolemy states that a Roman officer, who started from the neighborhood of Tripoli, went a four months' journey in a southern direction. This route probably brought him into the latitude of Timbuctoo and into the neighborhood of Lake Tchad. No detailed record, however, exists of any important exploration of the interior of Africa during the period of Roman dominion.

More has been accomplished in the last sixty years to make us acquainted with the geography and social condition of the interior of Africa, than during the whole period which has elapsed since the days of Ptolemy. The modern era of exploration may be said to have commenced when Park undertook his remarkable expedition. The celebrated travels of Denham and Clapperton excited a European interest. They added largely to our geographical knowledge, and made us acquainted with many interesting facts connected with the state of society in Africa. In 1823 Clapperton reached Lake Tchad, and the surrounding countries were explored as far as Sakatu on the west, and Mandara on the south. Major Laing reached Timbuctoo, but was murdered in the desert on his return. Lander descended the Niger from Yaouri to its mouth, and the result of that important event was the great Niger expedition of 1841, which terminated in a disastrous loss of life, and discouraged for a time any further exploration in that direction. The eastern and southern districts of Africa have been visited by numerous travellers. Many modern attempts have been made to discover the sources of the Nile, by expeditions originated or sanctioned by the pasha of Egypt. The territory in the vicinity of Abyssinia has been the seat of a Christian mission which has enlarged our knowledge of a very interesting country; but all that had been previously attempted or accomplished on behalf of scientific geography and African civilization sinks into insignificance when compared with the great discov-

eries of the last ten years. The penetration of Dr. Barth into the interior of the continent; the discovery, and successful navigation, of the upper course of the Niger; the travels of Dr. Livingstone in South-eastern Africa; the ascertained existence of great inland seas at, or in close proximity to, the equator; the steps which are being made towards a solution of the great geographical problem of the source of the Nile, and the recent remarkable discoveries of M. Du Chaillu in the west, indicate that Africa has at length obtained the serious attention of Europe.

The physical conformation of the African continent is in many respects remarkable. In one of his annual Presidential Addresses to the Royal Geographical Society, Sir Roderick Murchison predicted that the interior of Africa would in all probability be found to be a watery plateau of less elevation than the flanking hill ranges. He suggested that violent igneous action, extending along both sides of the continent, tilted up the lateral rocks, and that the energy and extended range of volcanic disturbance at remote periods have imparted to Africa its present very simple littoral configuration. Addressing Major Burton previously to his journey of exploration, Sir R. Murchison detailed his special reasons for believing the centre of Africa to be a vast region of lakes of some, but not considerable, elevation above the sea. The theory was based on a discovery, then recently made, in the Cape Colony, of fossil remains in a lacustrine deposit of the secondary age, and the well-known existence on the coast of lofty mountains of the primary period circling round the younger deposits. Sir R. Murchison therefore inferred that a network of lakes would be found prolonged northwards from Lake Ngami towards the interior. But, carrying his induction still farther, he intimated that he saw no possibility of explaining how the great rivers could escape from the central plateau-lands and enter the ocean, except through deep gorges formed at some ancient period of elevation when the lateral chains were subjected to transverse fractures. This hypothesis, which was suggested in the Presidential Address for 1852, became known to Dr. Livingstone while he was in the act of exploring those very "transverse gorges" by which the river Zambezi escapes to the

east and discharges itself into the Indian Ocean. The present century has thus witnessed two great triumphs of scientific induction by the same eminent philosopher: the prediction of the discovery of gold in Australia by rigid *à priori* reasoning, and an anticipation of the great lake discoveries in the interior of Africa by the application of geological science.

We proceed to notice the most important of the recent expeditions which have been undertaken for the exploration of Africa, to describe briefly the districts which they have succeeded in penetrating, and to enumerate the geographical, social, and political results of modern enterprise in that quarter of the globe.

The expedition of Mr. Richardson, with whom were associated Dr. Barth and Mr. Overweg, was organized for the purpose of concluding commercial treaties with the chiefs of Northern Africa, inhabiting the country extending from the frontier of Tripoli to Lake Tchad. These gentlemen left Tripoli in March, 1850, but, his two coadjutors having fallen sacrifices to the climate, the duties of the mission ultimately devolved on Dr. Barth, and he prosecuted his travels alone. Taking his departure from Tripoli, he traversed a country dotted for a distance of one hundred and fifty miles with many splendid Roman remains, and passing through the country of the Tawàrek, or organized plunderers of the desert, he extended his travels to the very borders of the Central African nations, three hundred and fifty miles to the south of any point previously reached by a European explorer. Denham and Clapperton reached the city of Kuka, the capital of the kingdom of Bornu, and discovered Lake Tchad—an event which created at the time a great sensation in England, but the importance of which has been much diminished by the discovery of the large inland seas lying to the south and east of Clapperton's explorations. Dr. Barth proceeded to Yola, in the Adámawa country, situate in about 8° N. lat. He describes the district as the finest he had seen in Central Africa, abounding in rich pastures, in valleys of very fertile land, and in mountains clothed to their summits with noble trees. It was his intention to have extended his researches as far as the equator, but the difficulties proved insurmountable, and he was obliged to return

to Kuka, the seat of a comparatively stable government. The towns and cities of this portion of Africa are walled and respectably built; the markets are numerous and attended, and a considerable trade is carried on. He found commerce radiating in every direction from Kano, the great emporium of Central Africa, and spreading the manufactures and the productions of an industrious region over the whole of Western Africa. The fixed population of this city he estimated at thirty thousand; but on the occasions of the great fairs, at sixty thousand; and he is of opinion that this capital will at some future day be one of considerable importance to the commercial interests of Europe. At present very little English merchandise finds its way to the great emporium of Negroland, British calico and muslin being almost the only articles displayed in the bazaars. The state of the contiguous countries is described as wretched in the extreme—all the petty governors and sultans habitually making predatory excursions for slaves, and even selling their own subjects for the liquidation of their debts.

The remarkable lake, the Tchad, Dr. Barth describes as an immense lagoon, enlarging or contracting its dimensions according to the amount of rain or evaporation: it was at the season of his visit only sixty miles in extent from east to west, although Clapperton has estimated it at one hundred and twenty miles. Its average depth was found to be from ten to fifteen feet. An eminent geographer has stated his opinion that the African lakes are, in more instances than one, merely the expansion of large rivers running through a level country during the period of the tropical rains.* This is doubtless the case with the Tchad. It was navigated by Overweg in a boat brought over the desert in pieces on the backs of camels. He passed seven weeks on its waters, displaying the British flag to the people on its banks, and startling the hippopotami from their haunts among the gigantic reeds. The population of the numerous islands he found considerable and comparatively prosperous in consequence of their being inaccessible to the slave-hunters, who are the curse of Central Africa.

Denham did not proceed beyond Logon in

* Mr. Macqueen. Journal Royal Geographical Society, vol. xx., p. 119.

the Bornu country; Dr. Barth entered the Bagirmi kingdom to the east, and reached its capital, intending to extend his travels in that direction and to penetrate to the region of the Nile. This having proved impracticable, he turned his steps to the south-west, and made what he considers the most important geographical discovery of the age; namely, the eastern branch of the Niger, eight hundred yards wide and eleven feet deep, at Tepi. The stream which Dr. Barth reached is the Benuwé, by which, if an uninterrupted navigation should be established between it and the lower Niger, a route will be opened by water into the very centre of Africa. At the spot where Dr. Barth discovered the Benuwé, another considerable river, the Faro, enters it with a strong current. The whole of the district traversed by Dr. Barth in this direction he found to be of extraordinary fertility, producing cotton, indigo, and sugar, and supplying ivory, rhinoceros' horns, wax, and hides, in the greatest abundance. It is satisfactory to find that in all the countries visited by Dr. Barth the desire for increased communication with Europe was strongly and unanimously expressed.

It is remarked by Mr. Cooley in his learned work, "Inner Africa Laid Open," that the popular belief of the great river of Negroland, the Niger, uniting with the Nile is of very ancient date, and may be traced back to the time of Herodotus. It is stated with more or less distinctness by all the Arab geographers, and they generally likewise asserted the connection of the Quorra or Niger with Lake Tchad. The geographical knowledge of Central Africa, even of those living on its confines, must have been very limited, since this delusion was only dispelled by the researches of a European traveller. The Tchad has no outlet; and the Quorra or Niger undoubtedly rises in a mountainous region, at no very great distance from the part of the river's course discovered by Dr. Barth; and it is fed by the same tropical rains, and subject to the same inundations, as many of the other rivers of Africa. The expectations of Dr. Barth have been completely realized by the voyage of the "Pleid," undertaken by the direction of the British Government. The Tshadda and Benuwé have been ascertained to be the eastern branches of the great Niger,

which pours its waters into the Atlantic through numerous mouths. The Nun channel being the most central, has been proved, by recent exploration, to be the best adapted for communication with the interior. To the town of Dolti, on the Benuwé, the distance is four hundred and forty-seven geographical miles from the sea; and the river up to that place has been found to offer no impediments to navigation. Want of fuel alone prevented the steamer from proceeding beyond; but with the rising waters, or a full flood, the river is believed to be navigable for vessels of considerable burden to a much higher point.

The Niger has acquired a bad notoriety in consequence of the lamentable loss of life resulting from several attempts to ascend it. The rank vegetation which clothes its banks, and the periodical subsidence of its waters, were found to generate miasma fatal to the European constitution. The mortality among the settlers on the model experimental farm established by the government on the left bank of the river has not unnaturally suspended the prosecution of similar enterprises. The successful result of the voyage of the "Pleid," and the almost total immunity from fever enjoyed by her crew in consequence of some very simple hygienic precautions, have however been the means of again directing attention to this important region of Africa, from which the interior can be so easily reached. The river, it has been ascertained, if entered with the rising waters, is comparatively healthy. There are in the basin of the Niger immense tracts of rich and virgin soil and numberless localities well adapted for the formation of model cotton farms. Two facts strongly impressed themselves on Mr. Hutchinson's mind during his residence in Western Africa: one, that the negro race have a perfect knowledge and appreciation of the immense industrial resources of their country; the other, an apparent readiness to take advantage of them, together with an aptitude for imitation and a desire for instruction that are most hopeful indications of future progress. These favorable features were most conspicuous all along the banks of the Niger, the Tshadda, and the Benuwé,—a country that seemed to him fresh, as it were, from the hands of God,

and only waiting the energies of man to bring to perfection the numerous products of its prolific soil.

There is an atmospheric phenomenon common to all the rivers of this coast that must exercise a very salutary influence. The trade-winds blow up the streams, and this is especially the case with the Niger while it is in flood. "For ten months in the year," says Mr. Macqueen, "but particularly from May till November, the prevailing wind in the Bights of Benin and Biafra is from the south-west, thus blowing right up all the outlets of the Niger."* This was fully confirmed during the passage of the "Pleiad." In the upper parts of the river, Mr. Hutchinson says, a "glorious breeze prevailed, and made the atmosphere cool and agreeable, and the vessel often had a breeze that would have been more than sufficient, had she possessed her canvas, to stem the current; and so strong was it when she was drifting down the stream that it offered quite an obstacle to her progress, and made her rock as though she were on the ocean." The northern branch of the Niger, flowing from Timbuctoo, has been successfully navigated to a distance of twenty miles above Rabba, or rather more than three hundred miles from the sea, where the river is broken into rocky and intricate channels. A few miles beyond Rabba is a waterfall, which presents an impassable barrier even to canoes at any season. Captain Bancroft, in 1845, successfully navigated one of the channels; but in 1857 the "Pleiad," in attempting the same passage, was lost on the rocks. Two important consequences may be said to have followed from the Niger expeditions, calamitous as some of them have been justly regarded: they have impressed both upon the population and rulers residing on the banks of this great river a knowledge not only of the commercial character of England, but of her thorough detestation of slavery in all its forms, and of her resolution to use every effort in her power to put an end to it.

The natural outlet for the commerce of Kano, and the immense district of which it is the emporium, is this eastern branch of the Niger, which it is to be hoped will, at no distant day, be opened throughout the whole of its course. In the mean time we are as-

* Macqueen's Geographical Survey of Africa.

sured by Dr. Barth that the only commercial use which has been made of his important discovery is by American slave-dealers, who have opened a trade in those regions.

That Dr. Barth's mission to Central Africa has produced an excellent effect we have the assurance of a later explorer. In a recent expedition into the Niger country Mr. May found the population animated with the best feeling towards England, and when endeavoring to impress the natives with a sense of the efforts which the British Government were making to open a trade with their country, his remarks were always received with approbation, and a firm belief was expressed that the "white man had only to will it to do it."*

In reference to this portion of Africa we have to notice the discoveries of M. Du Chaillu, an American gentleman of French descent, who was commissioned by the Academy of Philadelphia to proceed to the equatorial regions of Western Africa. The narrative of this gentleman, who but recently presented himself before the British public, has created an extraordinary sensation, and his work cannot fail in obtaining for its author a wide reputation. The importance of his discoveries is only equalled by their singular interest. M. Du Chaillu, after having prepared himself by acquiring the languages of the tribes among which he determined to reside, boldly pushed into the interior from the neighborhood of the Gaboon River. His first discovery was a range of mountains rising in a series of terraces to the height of six thousand feet, a spur from which approaching the coast was named by the Portuguese the Crystal Mountains. This range M. Du Chaillu found covered with dense and nearly impenetrable forests. It is now clearly established by this and the other discoveries of M. Du Chaillu that a great mountain chain, rising occasionally into eminences twelve thousand feet high, runs due east and west along the equator, and probably extends completely across the continent.

It has often been a subject of surprise that the Arab adventurers, having pushed their conquests so far to the south as they did, should not have proceeded farther and crossed the equator. The great mountain

* Mr. May's Journey in the Yoruba and Nape Countries in 1858. Journal Royal Geographical Society, 1860.

chain which M. Du Chaillu has discovered supplies the explanation. This region is almost devoid of animal life, and, consisting of thick jungle and of rugged steeps incapable of cultivation, and inhabited only by savage apes and a few human beings almost equally savage, has presented an invincible barrier to the farther progress of the Mohammedan tribes. In these mountains are the sources of the Muni, the Moondah, the Gaboon, the Nazareth, and probably the Congo and other rivers which empty themselves into the Atlantic. Some of these streams will doubtless be found adapted for commerce when more fully explored. In a commercial sense the most important discovery made by M. Du Chaillu is that of the great river, the Agobay, which he ascended to a distance of three hundred and fifty miles from the coast. It was there a noble stream five hundred yards wide, from three to four fathoms deep, and running with considerable force. If, as Dr. Barth is said to expect, this great river should prove to be the lower portion of one which he was informed ran westward, many days' journey south of Wadai, another immense stream will have been discovered connecting the central regions of Africa with the sea, and entering it at a spot from whence they can be most easily reached. The Agobay is certainly one of the most important rivers in Western Africa, and is formed in the interior of the country by two large rivers, the Rembo Ngourjai and Rembo Okanda. Until M. Du Chaillu traversed these regions the river Nazareth and its delta, the Mexias, and the Fernand Vaz, were thought to be three distinct rivers, rising in the mountain chain to the north, but he found that they communicated with each other. The Nazareth and the Mexias are formed by the Agobay, the latter river throwing the remainder of the water into the Fernand Vaz a few miles above its mouth. This river, although chiefly fed by the Agobay, is remarkable for following for forty miles the direction of the seashore, from which it is separated by a low, sandy prairie, six miles broad. The amount of fresh water poured into the sea by these rivers is enormous, but the navigation of the numerous channels is very intricate, and the Fernand Vaz communicating with the Agobay, is the only one that can be said to have a navigable channel.

Ascending the Npoulounay, a branch of the Agobay, M. Du Chaillu reached a fine lake, the Anengue—a sheet of water ten miles wide, dotted with wooded islands, and with water deep enough in every part for steamers of moderate draught. The whole country about this lake is covered with India-rubber vine and fine ebony trees, and is able to supply the best caoutchouc, an article of yearly increasing commercial value, in the greatest abundance. On a second visit, in the dry season, he still found the Npoulounay quite practicable for a steamer of light draught, but the lake was somewhat changed in appearance. Its surface was dotted with islands of black mud, on the slimy slopes of which crocodiles swarmed in incredible numbers: M. Du Chaillu says he never saw so horrible a spectacle. Many of the reptiles were twenty feet long, and, opening their monstrous jaws, seemed ready to swallow the canoes and their occupants without an effort.

The tribes which M. Du Chaillu visited are the most remarkable of intertropical Africa. The Fan people are undoubtedly cannibals, as are, it is believed, all the adjoining mountain tribes. They buy the dead for food, and the king alone is not eaten. Piles of human bones and skulls, fragments of the ordinary meals, met the eye at every turn. Human flesh is exposed in the public market for sale. It is the food of all, and is relished by all. Ordinary animal food is scarce. The Fans are of a lighter hue than any of the western tribes. They are well armed, and bear shields of elephant-hide, impenetrable as iron. The Ostreba, a neighboring tribe, are expert blacksmiths; and as iron ore is found in considerable quantities in the country, they make their iron weapons, and obtain by native skill a much better quality of steel than any brought from Europe or America. They have constructed a very peculiar pointed axe, which, when thrown from a distance, strikes with the point down. They use this weapon with great effect; and as the object aimed at is the head, the point penetrates the brain, and kills the victim immediately, and the round edge of the axe is then used to cut off the head. Their ingeniously constructed knives are sheathed in covers made of human skin. These people seemed to M. Du Chaillu the finest and bravest race he had seen in the interior of

Africa. They point to the east as the quarter from whence they migrated, describe it as a very mountainous country, and say that the people are cannibals like themselves. Domestic slavery does not prevail to any considerable extent among these tribes, but great numbers are sold every year to the traders, and M. Du Chaillu says that French "emigrant" ships have been recently filled with Fans, and that they have been thus transported from their country in great numbers.

The interest of M. Du Chaillu's work consists not only in the narrative of his geographical discoveries, and his description of the cannibal tribes in that region of Africa, but in the warfare which he carried on with the gorilla, the creature that divides and almost disputes with man the empire of this mountain tract. It has driven nearly all the other animals from the forest which it haunts. Neither the rhinoceros, the giraffe, the buffalo, the horse, the ox, nor the ass, is found where the gorilla dwells; even the lion has quailed and retired before a ferocious ape. The roar of the gorilla can be heard at an almost incredible distance, and is often mistaken for thunder. The native idea of this creature is, that it combines the intelligence of a human being with the savage nature of a brute. Its rage and exasperation are unbounded when brought face to face with man. It beats its chest with its enormous fists, and makes it resound like an immense drum. Its eyes flash defiance; its roar shakes the woods, and seems to proclaim its rightful dominion over the wilderness. In the first encounter which M. Du Chaillu had with one of these monstrous animals, it advanced boldly to within a distance of six yards to prepare for its deadly spring. It reminded him, he says, of some infernal dreamlike creature, half man, half beast, as pictured by the old masters in their representations of hell. However close the resemblance of the gorilla may be to man, we possess the satisfactory assurance of Professor Owen that it is distinguished by important differences which preclude the possibility of a "development" of the human being from the brute. The formation and setting of the great toe are essentially different, converting the foot into a grasping hand. It possesses thirteen ribs, whereas man has but twelve; and the brain-case is not larger

than an infant's, although the weight of the immense head is seven or eight times as great as that of the human skull. M. Du Chaillu has brought to England upwards of twenty specimens of the gorilla which he shot, and also other apes, two of them of new kinds—the Kooloo Kamba, so called from the two distinct notes which it utters, and the Nsiega Mbouve, remarkable for the nest or bower which it builds on high trees, with branches to shelter it from sun and rain. The collections brought over by M. Du Chaillu, and especially the perfect skeletons and skulls of these apes, may throw important light upon one of the great controversies of the day; and we hope that a collection so valuable and instructive, and containing so many new species of mammals and birds, may be obtained for our National Museum.

While Central and Western Africa have thus been largely explored, and the courses of several great rivers which pour their waters into the Gulf of Guinea have been determined, Eastern Africa has not been neglected. The explorations in this quarter, which resulted in the discovery of the two great lakes, the Tanganyika and the Nyanza, may be said to have commenced when Dr. Krapf, of the Church Missionary Society, established himself at Rabba, near Mombas. Here he heard, from time to time, that there was in a part of the country to which the Arabs were in the habit of resorting a great inland sea, the dimensions of which were such that nobody could give any estimate either of its length or breadth. Their concurrent statements seemed to indicate a single sheet of water, extending from the equator down to 14° S. lat., which would form an inland sea, or African Caspian, of about eight hundred and forty miles in length, with an assumed width of two hundred or three hundred miles. "In fact," says Major Burton, who does full justice to the single-minded men who prepared the way for his discoveries, "from this great combination of testimony that water lay generally in a continuous line from the equator up to 14° S. lat., and from not being able to gain information of there being any terrestrial separations to this water, they naturally, and I may add fortunately, created that monster slug of an inland sea, which so much at-

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tracted the attention of the geographical world in 1855-56, and caused our being sent out to Africa."

Dr. Krapf's explorations were carried on principally in the East African mountain district, the features of which are described as being eminently picturesque. The country appears to be an extension of the Abyssinian highlands, diversified with hills, streams, and glens, rich in tropical productions, and partially covered with deep impenetrable woods. In proceeding towards Usambara from Mombas, "the higher we went," says Mr. Rebmann, the fellow-laborer of Dr. Krapf, "the more pleasant was the air. The cool water trickling from the granite rocks, the little hamlets rising above the mountain ridges, the many patches of Indian corn, rice, bananas, and sugar-cane, the numerous cascades, the murmur of the Engambo, the mountain masses in the distance, all tended greatly to elevate the spirits of the wanderer, and I felt at a short distance from the equator as if I was walking on the Jura Mountains in the Canton of Basle, so cool was the air and so beautiful the country." * The characteristic of this portion of Eastern Africa seems to be an extensive plateau from which rises a series of isolated mountains and mountain groups.

The existence of mountains in Eastern Africa capped with perpetual snow has been keenly disputed. The alleged discovery by Dr. Krapf and Mr. Rebmann of two great mountain masses rising into the region of perpetual congelation close to the equator, and presenting the sublime spectacle of isolated peaks with an elevation of at least eighteen thousand feet, shone upon by the tropical sun, excited, as soon as it was announced, an extraordinary interest. The president of the Royal Geographical Society cautiously intimated his doubts, and suggested that the matter which two simple-minded and unscientific gentlemen at a distance mistook for snow, might be white quartz rock or a crystalline dolomitic formation, which, glittering in the rays of a brilliant sun or shone upon by the moon, would present a somewhat similar appearance. Mr. Rebmann positively affirms that in his first journey to Jagga, in 1848, he saw distinctly for the first time the snowy peak of Mount Kilimandjaro. Dr. Krapf states that on the

10th of November, 1849, on his first journey to Ukambani, he also beheld it when thirty-six leagues from Mombas, and from several elevations "the silver-crowned summit" of the lofty Kilimandjaro was plainly visible. He saw it again, he says, in 1851, when it was plainly discernible with the naked eye. Mr. Rebmann informs us that he slept at the foot of the mountain, and that by moonlight he could distinctly perceive snow. He conversed with many natives respecting the white matter upon the domelike summit, and was told that the "silver-like stuff" when brought down in bottles proved to be nothing but water. The second snow-capped mountain, which bears the name of Kegnia or Kenia, was seen by Dr. Krapf in December, 1849, when he observed "two large horns or pillars" rising over an enormous mountain to the north-west of Kilimandjaro, covered, he says, with a white substance. One of the people of the village at which he rested informed him that his tribe resided near the "white mountain;" that he himself had often been at the foot of it, but had not ascended it to any great altitude on account of the intense cold and the white matter which sometimes rolled down the mountain with a great noise. These facts, which the natives never could have invented or imagined, seem to us conclusive that the impressions of Dr. Krapf and Rebmann were correct, and that vast mountains crowned with perpetual snow undoubtedly exist in Eastern Equatorial Africa. There is no reason why the existence of snow in those regions should be doubted when it is found under the equator in America; and Dr. Krapf and Mr. Rebmann may, we think, justly claim the honor of having discovered the great snowy mountains Kilimandjaro and Kenia. When in Ukambani Dr. Krapf heard of the existence of a volcano in constant activity at some distance north-west of Kenia, probably forming a portion of the "Mountains of the Moon." A range of snowy peaks at the African equator, in volcanic action, would afford a striking parallel to the phenomena of Equatorial South America, and the Andes and the Mountains of the Moon would thus possess several points of resemblance. All doubt on these interesting questions will be speedily dissipated either by Captain Speke or by the Baron von Decken, a Hanoverian, who has recently

* Church Missionary Intelligencer, Sept. 1856.

sailed for Zanzibar for the purpose of fully exploring Kilimandjaro and its district.*

Dr. Krapf has collected a large amount of information relating to the forms of government and the state of society prevailing among the Eastern African nations. He is of opinion that these people were formerly in a much more settled and civilized condition. The ancient kingdom of Ethiopia may have extended, he thinks, as far as the equator, and even in its decline have afforded the neighboring African rulers a model of government on which they formed their political institutions. The most intellectual and energetic of the native races of Eastern Africa are the Gallas, who occupy a country extending from the eighth degree of north to the third degree of south latitude, and number from six to eight millions—a population which few other African states possess. They thus fill a large space in Eastern Africa. They call themselves "Oroma," or strong and brave men, have a manly bearing, are powerfully built, but "with savage features, made still more savage by their long hair, which is worn like a mane over the shoulders." They are held in high estimation as slaves. The weapons of this warrior-race are a spear, a sword, and a shield; they are mounted on horses, and the women gallop by the side of their husbands in battle. They are industrious tillers of the soil. The climate of the country, abounding in mountains, is remarkably healthy, the average temperature, according to Dr. Krapf, being 56° Fahrenheit; the highest being 70°, and the lowest 46°. The Gallas occupy plains which are verdant throughout the year, and afford pasture for immense herds of cattle. Their villages and hamlets are placed "in groves and woods, on heights, or on the sides of mountains and rivers," and the land is abundantly provided with springs and brooks fed by tropical rains. This powerful nation possesses, in Dr. Krapf's opinion, a purer faith than any of the heathen tribes of Eastern Africa. Throughout the whole of Eastern Africa, indeed, fetichism is unknown—a very remarkable peculiarity, which points to some previous instruction of the people in a religion which has preserved them from the grosser forms of Pa-

* See Earl de Gray's Address to Royal Geographical Society for 1860.

gan idolatry. Dr. Krapf notes as some approximation to Jewish and Christian faiths, that many of the Galla tribes show great respect for Saturday and Sunday, on which days they do not work in the fields, terming Sunday "Saubatta gudda," or the greater sabbath, in contrast to the "Saubatta ken-na," or the lesser sabbath. The territories now occupied by the Galla tribes are believed by Dr. Beke to have been once the possessions or dependencies of the Christian emperors of Abyssinia, a fact which, if correct, would sufficiently account for the fragments of Christian truth which are found mixed up with their religious system. There are traces of the worship of the Virgin Mary in the veneration paid to Maremma, "the mother of God;" and Balawald, the son of Maremma, is supposed to indicate our Saviour. The pantheon of the Gallas, however, possesses many deities; but Dábilos (the devil) is not one of them, his residence being in the desert, where he is believed to have "come of himself," without having been created. Siétan is a distinct person from Dábilos, and of a more malignant nature, being the author of death. His dwelling is "underground." The Gallas have neither churches nor priests.*

In strong contrast to this intelligent and comparatively advanced race are the two tribes, the Wakuafi and Masai. They occupy large plains in the interior of Eastern Africa, extending from two degrees north of the equator to four degrees south. Nomads, and living entirely on milk, butter, honey, and black cattle, they have a great dislike to agriculture, believing that cereals enfeeble the frame, while meat and milk alone give courage and strength. In this they bear a remarkable resemblance to the Kaffirs, and in another peculiarity they possess a strong family likeness. When cattle fail them, they make raids on their neighboring tribes. They are especially dreaded as warriors; but as they consider themselves the exclusive proprietors of the plains, they do not attack the inhabitants of the mountains, if the latter do not descend and attempt to cultivate the level country. These tribes constitute republics, with elective chiefs, and the orders and ranks in society

* See an interesting article on "Christianity among the Gallas," by Dr. Beke, in the British Magazine for December, 1847.

are well defined. Like the Kaffirs, they have many wives, and purchase them with cattle.* They are immoderately fond of tobacco, as well as of beads, and use copper wire for rings and armlets. There is another peculiarity in which they further resemble their South African brethren: they do not make slaves of their prisoners, neither do they traffic in slaves. Their deity (Engai) resides on a lofty mountain, the Olympus of Eastern Africa, "whence come the water and the rain to fertilize their fields and refresh their flocks and herds." There is in their theology a mediator between themselves and Engai, and it is to this mediator that they first address themselves to gain the favor of the great being who dwells on the "mountain of whiteness." Human sacrifices are not unknown in a portion of the country bordering on Abyssinia. In Senjero the slave-dealers throw a beautiful female into the lake Umo when they leave the country with their human merchandise; and a remarkable custom prevails of families offering up their first-born sons as sacrifices, because once, "when winter and summer were jumbled together in a bad season," and the fruits of the earth would not ripen, the priests enjoined it to propitiate the offended deity. The superstitions of Africa are always most freely indulged during periods of calamity. Dr. Krapf was himself in great danger of being sacrificed because he was suspected of being the cause of a long-continued drought; but as soon as the refreshing showers began to fall, the people were equally eager to deify him for his supposed interposition on their behalf.

The missionary prospects in this part of Africa appear to be far from encouraging. The king of Shoa, from whom Dr. Krapf met with a very honorable reception, having promised him six boys for the purpose of being educated in the Christian faith, afterwards receded from his engagement, declaring that he did not need spiritual teachers so much as doctors, masons, and smiths. We are glad to find so zealous a missionary as Dr. Krapf admitting that Christianity must be presented to these tribes, at once sensual, ignorant, and superstitious, not merely in the form of dogmatic teaching and exhortation, but realized and exemplified in family

life. Christianity in Africa must spring out of civilization, not civilization out of Christianity.

The discoveries of Major Burton and Captain Speke in the interior of Africa are among the most important accessions to geographical knowledge which have been made during the present century. They have confirmed in a striking manner the anticipations of science, and have invested a long-neglected continent with fresh interest and attraction. The existence of great lakes in the interior was often asserted by the natives of the eastern coast, and the slave merchants of Mozambique, as early as the middle of the last century, informed Mr. Salt that seven months' journey from Mozambique a great lake of fresh water was to be seen; and that a few days' journey from Quiloa, or Kiloa in modern maps, another great lake existed which was spoken of as a fresh-water sea.* The second of these lakes is undoubtedly the Nyassi, ten days' journey from Kiloa; the first, either the great lake Tanganyika, or the Nyanza, but probably the former, which the Portuguese historian De Barros describes, from report, as a sea of considerable magnitude, containing an island capable of sending forth an army of thirty thousand men. These statements were long discredited by European geographers, and they were regarded merely as travellers' tales.

It was reserved for two British officers, animated by the love of adventure and by the desire of extending the boundaries of geographical knowledge, and supported by the liberal aid of one of the most eminent of our scientific associations, to withdraw the veil of mystery from the lake regions of Africa. Major Burton and his companion, Captain Speke, quitted Zanzibar in June, 1857, and after a journey of nearly eight months through a country of which the rank and luxuriant vegetation often teemed with miasma, and after having overcome moral and physical obstacles of no ordinary kind, they reached the great lake, which was the first object of their expedition. "What is that streak of light?" said Major Burton to one of his followers, while reposing, after a fatiguing march on a hill summit. "I am of opinion that it is the water," was the re-

* See Quarterly Review, No. 215, p. 188.

* Malte Brun, vol. iv., p. 412.

ply. Advancing a few yards the lake burst suddenly upon his view, filling him, he says, with wonder, admiration, and delight.

At the town of Ujiji, the port of the lake, Major Burton fixed his quarters, and found it the ivory depôt of the district, and furnished with a tolerable market for the produce of the neighboring country. The direct longitudinal distance of Ujiji from the coast, Major Burton estimates at five hundred and forty geographical miles, which the sinuosities of the road prolong to nine hundred and fifty statute miles. The route, broken into short stages with necessary rests, occupied one hundred and fifty days. Ujiji was first visited by the Arabs in 1840, and their factors navigated the lake for the purpose of collecting slaves and ivory from the tribes resident on its shores. Major Burton found the bazaar supplied with sugar-cane, tobacco, and cotton, and with an abundance of coarse native grain (*holcus*) grown in the district. Herds of elephants wander in the bamboo jungles which surround the great inland sea; but the piles of ivory seen in the market of Ujiji were said to have been collected from an area of some thousands of square miles.

Major Burton gives an unfavorable report of the tribes resident in this region of Africa. Intoxication, the effect of "palm-toddy," is a prevalent vice, and it has produced a general demoralization. The principal tribe he describes as "a burly race of barbarians, with harsh and strident voices, and with manners independent even to insolence;" and the women, he says, often exceed their masters in rudeness and violence. These people, do not, however, appear to be dangerous to travellers.

The Tanganyika was navigated by Major Burton to within a few hours' voyage of its northern extremity; but he was provokingly prevented, by the impracticability of a chief, from proceeding to explore it. He learned, however, from intelligent natives, who were well acquainted with the upper reach of the lake, that a river enters the Tanganyika in that direction. If this information should be correct, which there is no reason to doubt, the notion of connection of this lake with the Nile is, of course, dispelled. Major Burton and his companion were also prevented from reaching the southern end of the lake. But it is the hard fortune of an African trav-

eller to be often suddenly stopped in the career of discovery by obstacles which no courage can surmount.

The great inland sea Tanganyika was never before visited by a European. The sides of its basin rise to a height of two thousand or three thousand feet above the water-level. The lower slopes are described as beautifully wooded. The direction of the lake is due north and south, and its shape a long oval. Its total length has been roughly computed at two hundred and fifty rectilinear geographical miles, and its breadth at from thirty to thirty-five miles. Its waters are sweet and pure; its color is sometimes a soft, clear blue, sometimes a dull sea-green, but rarely, as far as Major Burton's observation extended, "deep and dark, like the ultramarine of the Mediterranean," and, "under a strong wind, the waves foam up from a turbid greenish surface, and its aspect becomes menacing in the extreme." Soundings could not be taken, but the Arabs declared that with lines of several fathoms' length they found bottom only near the shore. Land and sea breezes are as regular as on the shore of the Indian Ocean. "A careful investigation," Major Burton states, "leads to the belief that the Tanganyika receives and absorbs the whole river-system—the network of streams, mullahs, and torrents—of that portion of the central African depression whose watershed converges towards the great reservoir." But geographers doubt whether such a mass of water, situated at so considerable an altitude, can maintain its level unchanged without an effluent; and we accordingly find the noble president of the Royal Geographical Society questioning the correctness of Major Burton's conclusions. He characterizes it as a strange hydrological puzzle if a lake, situated in the damp regions of the equator, subject to a rainy season that lasts eight months, and supplied by considerable rivers, should have no outlet whatever. Captain Speke places the Tanganyika, by barometrical measurement, at 1,844 feet above the level of the sea, and Dr. Livingstone places the Shirwa, contiguous to the Nyassa, at two thousand feet: if these measurements are correct there can of course be no connection between them. But the accuracy of the measurement may, Earl de Grey says, fairly be doubted. Previous verifications had shown an occasional

amount of variation in the barometer of Captain Speke; and as an error of 1° represents an altitude of five hundred and thirty-five feet, it is quite possible that the Tanganyika may be really on a slightly higher level than the more southern lakes. The Nyassa was found by Dr. Livingstone to be the exit of a fine river, the Shiré; and as the Shirwa is only separated from the Nyassa by a spit of sandy soil, it is far from improbable that they may be occasionally united, and a connection may be established through a chain of minor lakes between the Nyassa and the great Tanganyika, and therefore between the Tanganyika and the ocean.*

The honor of having been the first European who reached the great lake Nyanza is due to Captain Speke. While his companion was prostrated by illness at Kazeih, in the Unyambezi district, Captain Speke arranged a separate expedition to proceed to the north to explore the lake known to exist in that direction, and to enable him to reach which the Arab merchants had given him clear instructions. After a journey of sixteen days, through a country presenting no serious difficulties, and inhabited by a friendly population, Captain Speke attained the object of his hopes, and stood on the banks of that enormous inland sea to which he has given the proud name of the Victoria Nyanza. This lake, of which the extent is at present utterly unknown, is, according to barometrical measurement, 3,750 feet above the sea-level; its waters are fresh and clear, and it appeared to Captain Speke, from the nature and configuration of its shores, to be the receptacle of the surplus rainfall of the centre of the African continent. It does not lie in a deep hollow, like the Tanganyika, but, as far as his observation extended, spreads over a comparatively flat country, and its surface-level must be subject to considerable variations. What he at first believed to be two considerable islands at its southern extremity proved to be promontories connected by low spits of land with the neighboring country, but occasionally converted into islands by floods. The extent of the Victoria Nyanza is at present only a subject of conjecture. It probably reaches far beyond the equator; but no person could give Captain Speke any reliable

information on that point. He was told that it extended "to the end of the world;" and one of the wives of the sultan whose territories form a portion of its southern shore, and whose native place was far up the lake, informed Captain Speke that she had never heard of there being *any* end to the lake, and that if any way existed of going round it she would certainly have known it. Its very great extension in a northerly direction must necessarily be inferred from these native statements.

At its southern extremity, which constitutes a tortuous creek in which were numerous small rocky islands clothed with brushwood, the observed latitude of the lake was $2^{\circ} 24' S$. The mean temperature of the elevated region on its banks during August, the hottest month of the year, Captain Speke found to be only 80° . Bordering on the lake, to the south-east, is an extensive iron-field which the natives work with success, making in large quantities the hoes which are used in African agriculture, and which are articles of considerable export from the manufacturing district of the Victoria Nyanza. Tropical produce in great variety, including rice, is raised on the rich soil of the southern bank, and to the east ivory is said to be abundant and cheap. The Karuwa hills, overlooking the lake, are said to be cool and healthy, and to support herds of cattle with horns of stupendous size. All the necessaries of life are to be procured in abundance. Of the country beyond the equator Captain Speke states, that "rapturous" accounts were given him by the ivory traders, and it was represented as supporting a dense population who cultivate coffee and possess large flocks and herds.

Public attention is at the present time very much directed to this interesting portion of Central Africa, and we await with impatience the further discoveries which should success attend his present expedition, Captain Speke cannot fail to make. These great lakes, which are placed in the very centre of the continent and have excited the wonder of Europe, are doubtless destined to figure conspicuously in the future of civilized Africa. It is possible that a connection may be found between the Victoria Nyanza and the Nile, the slope of the continent from the equator being undeniably

* President's Address, 1860.

towards the north. Engineering science and steam may overcome any obstacles,* and vessels of light burden may, perhaps, at no distant day, pass from the Mediterranean to the very centre of Africa, and the flag of all nations float on the Victoria Nyanza.

The region yet unsurveyed in which the source of the Nile must lie is now so circumscribed that there is every reason to expect a speedy solution of the great geographical problem which has maintained its interest for more than two thousand years. To the combined efforts of Captain Speke and her majesty's consul for Sudan, Mr. Petherick, we may hopefully and confidently look for this result. Mr. Petherick during a residence of fifteen years on the Upper Nile, has at various periods penetrated farther into the interior of that portion of Africa than any other traveller. The farthest point on the White Nile reached, until recently, was Gondokoro, in about $4^{\circ} 30' \text{ N. lat. and } 31^{\circ} 50' \text{ E. long.}$, nearly fourteen hundred miles above Khartum and more than three thousand from Alexandria. Mr. Petherick was the first European who attempted to ascend the Bahr-el-Gazal or south-western branch of the Nile, but he was prevented from landing on its banks by the hostile attitude of the people. In the year 1854, however, he succeeded in landing and forcing his way into the country. Since that period he advanced his posts farther and farther, until he arrived at a place called Mundo, among tribes suspected of cannibalism, and situate at, or very near, the equator.

Captain Speke alludes to a range of mountains in Eastern Africa running north and south across the equator; and since one of the watersheds of the mountainous districts visited by Dr. Krapf is towards the west, it is highly probable that the streams descending from Mount Kenia may find their way into the Victoria Nyanza. Dr. Krapf was informed that there are more than fifteen rivers running west and north from Kenia, one being, he was told, very large, and flowing in a northerly direction into a great lake on the banks of which a traveller might pro-

* Such is the opinion of Mr. Petherick. He mentions the existence of rapids in the White Nile in $3^{\circ} 30' \text{ N. lat.}$, but he thinks they would be no obstruction to steam power. The cataracts, or, as they may be more correctly termed, rapids of the Lower Nile might doubtless be surmounted by the same means, or avoided, as in the St. Lawrence, by canals.

ceed for a hundred days without reaching its extremity. It is impossible to doubt that the lake thus indicated is the Nyanza.

A little above the point where the Sobat joins the Nile the principal stream expands into a series of lakes, more or less connected at different seasons of the year, and known as the Bahr-el-Gazal, or the Sea of the Gazelles. Mr. Petherick describes this sheet of water as one hundred and eighty miles in length, overgrown with reeds and lilies and full of hippopotami, and fed by many rivulets as well as by a large river running from the south-west, but covered with weeds. The depth and magnitude of the Nile, as well as of many large tributaries at the latitudes reached by Mr. Petherick, promise important results when this district shall be more fully explored. The Sobat, the first great tributary of the White Nile, drains a large extent of country to the east, and has been navigated for a distance of two hundred miles. At its junction with the Nile it is one hundred yards wide, and on the 2nd of December, while under the influence of the inundation, it was thirty feet deep. Its course is described as tortuous, with high banks. The channel of the lake Bahr-el-Gazal Mr. Petherick found to be twenty feet deep, with a sluggish stream of a quarter of a mile per hour. The interest of this traveller's recent contribution to geographical knowledge consists not only in his voyages up the White Nile, but in several remarkable journeys from its banks into countries previously altogether unexplored. He had some severe conflicts with the natives, and the manner in which he extricated himself more than once from very embarrassing situations proves him to be possessed of all the qualifications requisite for a successful explorer. Mr. Petherick's last expedition was from the extreme end of the Bahr-el-Gazal in a southerly direction inland, and in twenty-six days he reached the country of the Nyam-Nyam tribe, reputed to be cannibals. These people have discovered the use of that remarkable projectile the boomerang, supposed to be confined to the natives of Australia; but the African savage constructs it of iron and gives it a sharp cutting edge, and in the hands of a muscular race it must be a weapon of terrible power. That the Bahr-el-Gazal is connected with the Victoria Nyanza Captain Speke considers highly probable, for

in the place where Mr. Petherick crossed the latter piece of water, in 4° N. lat., it had its head directed to the south-east. The geographical problem is one of great interest, and the discovery of another great practicable highway into the very centre of Africa would be one of the triumphs of the age. It is to settle finally, if possible, a question now reduced to very narrow limits that Captain Speke has been empowered to proceed, in company with Captain Grant, to the field of his former explorations. He has been instructed to make the best of his way to the southern end of the Victoria Nyanza, and from thence to explore it to its northern extremity, and especially to ascertain whether it has a northern outlet. He is then to proceed to Gondokoro, where Mr. Petherick, proceeding up the White Nile, hopes to meet him in November next.

The discoveries of Dr. Livingstone in the south of Africa are too well known to need more than a very cursory notice. In the year 1849 he reached, in company with Messrs. Oswell and Murray, the lake Ngami, in $20^{\circ} 20'$ S. lat. and $23^{\circ} 30'$ E. long. From this lake he found a considerable river, the Zouga, flowing towards the east and south-east for a distance of three hundred miles, but, like many other African rivers, it had no outlet, but was lost in a desert sand. On returning to the examination of the district in the following year, and crossing the Zouga to the northward, he discovered the Chobe, a fine navigable river, in $18^{\circ} 23'$ S. lat. and 26° E. long., have penetrated the country to a distance of two thousand miles from Cape Town. The name of Livingstone will always be associated with that of the great Zambezi, the upper course of which he was the first to discover. It was in June, 1851, that Dr. Livingstone first saw the great stream—the future highway for the commerce of South Africa—at a spot marked by Portuguese geographers in their maps as an arid desert. He found it at Seheske, rolling its volume of deep flowing waters towards the east, and varying in breadth from three hundred to six hundred yards. At the period of its annual inundation it rises twenty feet, and floods fifteen or twenty miles of the adjacent country. The Zambezi, or Leeambye, denotes, in the native language, the river *par excellence*, and signifies the fact of its being the great drainage artery of the

country. The river in its natural channel, is of great breadth, often a mile, and is broken by numerous islands, some of which are covered with timber. A portion of the course of the Zambezi is composed of a succession of rapids or cataracts, which oppose a barrier to its continuous navigation. The rapids do not exist when the water is high; but some of the cataracts must always be attended with considerable difficulty and danger in their descent, if they are not altogether impassable, their fall averaging from four to six feet. At one portion of Dr. Livingstone's route, it was necessary to take the canoes out of the water, and carry them a mile over land, the fall within that distance being thirty feet. The Barotse valley Dr. Livingstone estimated as a hundred miles in breadth, and it bears a considerable resemblance to the valley of the Nile, since it is inundated annually by the rise of the Leeambye exactly as Lower Egypt is flooded by the Nile. The inhabitants of this fertile district raise two crops of corn in a year, and the saying is common in the country, "here hunger is not known." One kind of grass grows to the height of twelve feet; but when the waters recede they leave behind them masses of decayed vegetation which produce malaria pernicious to the native constitution, and engender a fever that would be almost certainly fatal to Europeans.

The Zambezi offers no serious obstruction to navigation below Tete, a distance of more than three hundred miles from its embouchure; and steamers of light draught might ply on it with success. It is the largest river that enters the ocean on the eastern coast of Africa. So great is the volume of its waters and the rush of its floods from its seven mouths, that at a distance of ten miles from land the sea was found by Captain Owen perfectly fresh. Above the rapids the country, although abounding in various productions, does not, Dr. Livingstone thinks, present an immediate field for commercial enterprise. On the Leeba, a tributary of the Zambezi, the people have a strong commercial spirit and are enterprising merchants, bringing Manchester goods into the very heart of Africa from Loanda. To the Africans, Dr. Livingstone says, our cotton-mills are fairy dreams; and their productions look so wonderful that they cannot believe them to be the work of mortal hands.

"How can irons," say these people, "spin and weave and print so beautifully?" and an attempt to explain the manufacture was followed by the exclamation, "Truly ye are gods!"

The services which Dr. Livingstone has rendered to civilization consist in his having traced the course of a great stream, the existence of which throughout any very extensive district was unknown, and in having opened a large and most interesting portion of South-eastern Africa. No one can have perused the narrative of this remarkable man's travels without being impressed with his noble character. Heroism and humility are admirably blended in his nature; and he relates acts of courage and self-devotion without any consciousness of merit, or the faintest approach to obtrusive egotism. He will now pursue, in the double character of a consular representative of the British Government and a minister of the gospel, and with the advantage of enjoying the goodwill of the natives, the career so successfully commenced. In his own little "Pioneer" he will stem the waters of the great Zambezi, making the British name and character known to millions, scattering the seed of a future commercial, moral, and religious harvest.

If Africa is distinguished more than any other quarter of the globe for its physical, ethnological, and moral peculiarities, it is equally remarkable for its political diversities. Almost every form into which human society can be thrown may be there found in its simplicity. Monarchy seems to be the primitive type of government among the negro tribes. The king of Dahomey is the most absolute sovereign in the world. Royalty modified by aristocracy prevails in the Arab political organization, and the rule of the great chief of Sakatu, with his numerous dependent sultans, may not inaptly be compared to that of the head of the old Germanic empire. In the district of Eastern Africa republics and democracies abound. In Northern Africa the Arab element predominates. The colonizing tribes carried the standard of Mahomet into almost the centre of the continent, and the Arab and the negro blood were freely intermixed. The original religion of nearly all the African tribes was, Dr. Barth thinks, a worship of the elements, of the sun and moon, and of the souls of their

ancestors—a superstition common at the present day, it is believed, to almost all the African races. But if the opinion of the same distinguished traveller is correct, the forms of worship which now prevail are much more savage and grotesque than they were at a former period, the religious rites of the interior being, however, far purer than those near the coast.* We learn from a distinguished African geographer that when the Portuguese discovered and took possession of the western coast they found a negro king who had not only extended his conquests from the centre of Hausa to the border of the Atlantic, and from the pagan countries of Mosé, in 12° N. latitude, as far as Morocco, but governed his subjects with justice, and adopted such of the customs of Mohammedanism as he thought conducive to civilization.†

Europe, we fear, is chargeable with the change in the character of the negro governments which history thus seems to indicate has taken place in Africa. The negro races are naturally as full of the feelings of humanity, their family affections are as strong, and their sense of justice is as correct, as those of any other people or race; and in the few regions to which the slave-trade has not yet extended these virtues flourish. It is the man-traffic which has perverted the natural instincts, raised the arm of the native against his brother, converted rulers into the tyrants and kidnappers of their species, and made two-thirds of a vast continent one great market of human flesh and blood. This atrocious commerce has tainted the very sources of civilization, and forbids, while it lasts, all hope or possibility of improvement. The king of Dahomey's butcheries are still practised with impunity, and meet even with the approbation of the people.‡ The pride of some of these petty lords

* See Dr. Barth's Paper, "A General Historical Description of the State of Human Society in Northern Central Africa," in the last volume of the *Journal of the Royal Geographical Society*.

† See Cooley's "Negroland of the Arabs."

‡ The "West African Herald," published, only in February last, statements from eye-witnesses of the barbaric custom then recently perpetrated in Dahomey. In this fearful narrative we learn that the late sacrifice was one of the most revolting which had ever taken place. The number of persons slain on the occasion was estimated at two thousand; but another correspondent gives the number as seven thousand. He states that he was present by compulsion, and that the blood swept

of Africa is equal to their ferocity. They regard themselves as superior beings, proclaim their dominion over the elements, and demand divine honors as their due. They sell their ministers in fits of caprice, and bury their relations alive. The latest of our African travellers testifies to the continued prevalence of savage customs over the whole field of his late explorations. The king of Uganda's palace, a mile in length, is often burned down by lightning, and on such occasions the warriors are obliged to assemble and endeavor to extinguish the fire by rolling over the flames. There are two wants with which this sovereign always troubled his visitors: one, a medicine against death; the other, a charm to avert the thunderbolt. This chief fell in battle, pierced by an arrow, when riding on the shoulders of his prime minister. The Arab governments in Africa are free from most of the revolting usages of the negro dynasties. The foreign slave-trade, however, is their chief support. The only mode in which Dr. Barth could carry on his explorations to the south of Kuka was by joining two Mohammedan expeditions, of ten thousand men each, for the avowed purpose of capturing and selling into slavery unoffending tribes.

Changes of government are frequent in Africa, and out of a number of small hereditary sultans, each master of his separate province, one, either by intrigue or by conquest, attains supreme power. From the 20th degree of north latitude almost to the Cape frontier are tribes which are commonly classed as Ethiopic, although many are undoubtedly of mixed races. The most influential people in Africa are the Felatahs or Foulahs, supposed to be of Carthaginian origin, but probably descended from the Arabs who invaded Africa in the seventh century and mingled with the negro race. Throughout the whole of Negroland the Foulahs maintain a paramount influence. They are found, according to the authority of Mr. Hodgson, spread over a vast geographical region, extending from the mouths of the Senegal and Gambia on the west to the kingdoms of Bornu and Mandara on the

past him like a flood into a large reservoir. Another correspondent, referring to these inhuman butcheries, says, "I assure you it made me quite sick, and at the same time I felt stunned." The victims are said to have met their death with perfect indifference.

east—a superficies containing more than seven hundred thousand square miles, equal to a fourth part of Europe, and embracing a tenth of the African continent.* The supreme sultan can bring into the field a force of ten thousand horse, and the contingents of his tributary sultans much exceed that number. There are a few isolated negro nations governed by native African kings, who live in secluded state, and disdain to visit even the wealthiest of the Arabs; and these native princes sometimes display a certain dignity of demeanor which indicates a mixture of foreign blood.† In the regions of Central Africa there is the greatest diversity of nations. In some the kingdom is hereditary, in others elective; but where the principle of hereditary succession prevails, the sister's son succeeds to the throne. Malte Brun mentions a singular institution of one of the negro states, which may be thought by some to provide as effectual a security for good government as a constitution. A council of grandees has the power of deposing the sovereign and putting him to death, and one of the regal relatives holds the office of royal executioner, his duty being to carry the judicial sentence into effect. It is a place of the highest distinction, and the individual who holds it is said to live on terms of perfect cordiality with the prince to whom he stands in so peculiar a relation.‡

European articles sometimes find at the African courts a use for which they were never designed. Dr. Krapf, who had presented a hospitable chief of Eastern Africa with a silver fork, saw it on the following day stuck in the woolly hair of his host, where it was proudly worn as a distinguished ornament during the remainder of his stay.

Travelling in Africa is attended with many hardships. The slowness of the rate of progress is not the least of the trials which an explorer has to bear. The *impedimenta* of the march are necessarily great. Bags of beads, rolls of brass wire, bales of cloth, supplies of food, tent equipages, cooking utensils, boxes for clothing, and cases for the more costly presents, require a large amount of carriage, consisting either of cam-

* Notes on Northern Africa. By W. B. Hodgson. New York.

† Burton's Lake Districts of Central Africa, vol. ii., p. 362.

‡ Malte Brun, vol. iv., p. 122.

els and horses or of the sturdy porters of the country. Major Burton, to give an idea of the relative cost of travelling, states the expenditure in Eastern Africa at half a crown per mile, while in most parts of Europe it does not now exceed one penny. The roads are a mere track which a party must traverse in single file, and it is soon overgrown by almost impenetrable brushwood. This mode of travelling differs materially from that of Northern or Central Africa, where the camel and the horse are employed. There is one source of expense common to the whole of Africa; namely, the kuhonga, or blackmail, which is extorted from all travellers by chiefs of every rank. It forms a considerable portion of their revenues, and is a recognition of their territorial rights. If any hesitation about the payment is made, the first question put to an objector will be, "Is this your ground or mine?" The chiefs have no conception of a right of free passage through their dominions. Dr. Livingstone found the custom universal in his journey between the Zambezi and Loanda, and he was repeatedly called upon to pay the transit duty, and was told that he might do it either with a bullock or a man.

The moral and political degradation of Africa is a subject of mournful interest. A modern geographer * estimates the population at one hundred and fifty million, of which three-fourths are in a state of slavery, and the other fourth constitutes a despotic governing power under which it is morally impossible that the people can make any important progress in civilization. Domestic slavery is interwoven with the state of society, and a complete moral revolution must take place before it can be abolished; but the foreign slave traffic constitutes the gigantic evil of Africa, and throughout vast regions man has no property but slaves, and no articles of merchandise but his fellow-creatures. The sultans regarded their people simply as a herd of cattle. The almost normal state of war which exists in Central Africa is maintained solely for the purpose of supplying foreign markets with the human commodity, and every crime is punished by a forfeiture of liberty and the immediate transfer of the offender to the slave-dealer. Accusations of witchcraft or adultery are always ready when more seri-

* Mr. Macqueen.

ous offences are wanting, and the population of a whole village is sometimes suddenly carried off in satisfaction of a debt. The effect of this commerce upon the African character is apparent to all who have penetrated into the interior. Dr. Livingstone states that he had never known an instance of a parent selling his own offspring, but Captain Speke says that, on the shores of the Tanganyika Lake, the women, for the consideration of a few loin cloths, readily parted with their little children and delivered them into perpetual bondage to his Belooch soldiers; and in Eastern Africa, Major Burton informs us that, in times of necessity, a man will sacrifice his parents, wives, and children, and even sell himself without shame.* It was stated long ago by an unexceptionable witness that mothers were frequently to be seen on the western coast selling their children for a few bushels of rice; but a stout African once took his little son to sell him to a European: the lad, however, well acquainted with the language of the foreigner, cunningly suggested that a man of the size and strength of his father must be of far more value than himself, and thus induced the slave-dealer to take his father in his stead, notwithstanding the vociferous protestations of the man that in Africa a son had no right to sell his own parent.†

This dark blot on the continent of Africa can only be effaced by proving to the sultans and chiefs how much more profitable it will be to employ their people in developing the natural riches of the soil and raising produce for which there will be a European demand, than to export them as the staple commodity of the country. Commerce must be the great regenerator of Africa. The Arab governors are unanimous in their desire for an increased intercourse with Europe, although they are perfectly aware that the slave-trade, in which they are deeply financially interested, cannot long survive a closer commercial relation with England. They doubtless feel that their revenues will greatly increase with the extension of legitimate trade, and that their position in the country will become more secure. With the cessation of the foreign slave-trade an era of real progress will commence. Native

* Burton's Lake Regions, vol. ii., p. 367.

† Travels in Africa by Mollien, quoted by Maite Brun.

merchants admit this, and declare their conviction that the country is capable of producing, in almost unlimited quantity, every commodity that Europe can desire from it. The greatest eagerness is shown to possess European productions; and recent travellers have been everywhere questioned as to the probability of a regular market being opened for English goods. An intensely commercial spirit pervades almost the whole of Africa. Sailing close in shore on a coasting voyage, south of the river Fernand Vaz, M. Du Chaillu was hailed by canoes full of negroes begging him to establish factories in their villages, and in some places he saw, from the sea, the large house already built, as he was told, for the future factory "which was to make everybody rich." It is satisfactory in the mean time to find a recognition in many quarters of the truth that commerce in Africa must be the pioneer of Christianity. Dr. Livingstone has given expression to a sentiment which, emanating from so zealous a minister of the Gospel, ought to be accepted as a maxim in our future dealings with heathen populations, "No permanent elevation of a people," he emphatically declares, "can be effected without commerce." We cannot but regard the commercial intercourse of nations as one of the appointed means of bringing them all into a closer union with each other, and of inculcating those great doctrinal and moral truths, without whose reception and influence civilization, however splendid, is little better than a polished barbarism.

The difficulties of imparting civilization to Africa are nevertheless exceedingly great. The idiosyncrasy of the negro race is peculiar. Indolence has long been the habit, and enjoyment the business, of their lives. The higher instincts of their nature have not been developed, and they have existed for ages under conditions entirely incompatible with human progress. There is doubtless some deficiency of energy in their original constitution. They have never shown themselves skilful in the hunt; they have not subdued to their use any of the nobler animals; and they are not addicted to riding except on the backs of their brother men. There was not in the time of Lopez, a Portuguese traveller in the eighteenth century, a single horse to be found throughout the whole of Congo. The mule and the ass are equally objects of

disfavor, no true negro having ever dared to mount either the one or the other.* They are expert, however, in swimming and diving, and will face with resolution a stormy sea. Many of the arts are, nevertheless, carried on by the black population of Africa, and have been brought to considerable perfection. They show much skill in working in iron and gold; and in Kano, Timbuctoo, and Bornu they make swords, axes, knives, gold ornaments, and other articles. They have little taste for any but the coarsest food. They feed daintily upon the hippopotamus, and disdain not the flesh of the crocodile; the wolf is far from being unacceptable, but their greatest luxury is roasted dog; the elephant often supplies the *pièce de résistance* at a negro feast; the boa constrictor is laid under contribution for his fat; slugs as large as the human arm are served up as delicacies, and grasshoppers, beetles, and bees are esteemed as minor relishes. An African epicure, on hearing a description of the European *cuisine*, replied, "Ah! all very good; but you are not acquainted in England with the delicacy of white ants!"

That there is no inherent incapacity for civilization in the negro nature has been proved by the success of the free colony of Liberia, on the western coast of Africa, where the African has, under favorable circumstances, imitated with success the policy, the arts, and even the institutions, of Europe. "The progress of this colored settlement," to quote from an excellent little essay on the African kingdoms and peoples,† "during the last forty years has hardly been surpassed by any thing recorded in the history of civilization; and it may therefore be said with truth that the negro has given the lie to the assertion of the ethnological sciolists, who, presuming on his alleged natural inferiority, declared him incapable of taking care of himself. He has taken care of himself—has provided by acts of courage and self-denial for the growth of his prosperity, for the education of his children, and for his instruction in the truths of Christianity; and in so doing has forever solved and settled the question as to his capacity for self-government."

On the important subject of African com-

* Malte Bran states this.

† Published by the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge.

merce our remarks must necessarily be brief. It is a startling fact that the whole existing commerce of the vast continent does not exceed that carried on by Hamburg alone.* The total exports from Africa at the present time are estimated at little more than £20,000,000, and the total imports at about £17,000,000. Assuming the population to be one hundred and fifty million, the exports of the country would average 2s. 8d. per head, whereas from Great Britain they amount to 86s., the United States to 54s., France to 41s., and Russia to 7s.; but when the exports of North Africa, Cape Colony, Natal, and the African islands are deducted, the amount for the remainder of Africa is reduced to only 9d. per head. And yet this continent abounds in natural wealth. It possesses a population able and, with due encouragement, willing to develop the agricultural capabilities of a soil which, over enormous areas, although of superabundant fertility, is as much neglected as the sands of the Sahara. The commercial classes are anxious to barter the produce of their country for the highly prized and universally coveted commodities of Europe. Vegetable oils, cotton, coffee, tobacco, sugar, indigo, ivory, hides, timber, gums, and wax, might be produced in unlimited quantities, and are sure of commanding remunerative prices in Europe. Of one of the most important of the productions of Africa, namely, palm-oil, forty thousand tons are imported annually into Great Britain. The trade of England with Africa greatly exceeds that of any other nation; and if the great channels of communication are opened, it may be increased to an indefinite extent. The Niger, the Zambezi, and possibly the Nile, will doubtless, at no distant day, form the great highways into the interior, and millions of square miles will thus become accessible to European enterprise and afford an invaluable market for British commodities. The caravan routes through the desert are, as Dr. Barth has shown, too expensive and dangerous, and the quantity of goods thus exported and imported has of late sensibly decreased.† "But from whatever quarter," says this experienced traveller, "Europeans may endeavor to open intercourse and regular and

legitimate trade with these nations, the first requisite seems to be the strictest justice and the most straightforward conduct, for almost all the natives of the interior of Africa are traders by disposition, and at least want to barter for beads in order to adorn their own persons and those of their women." This demand for beads is one of the characteristics of the present stage of African civilization, and will give way, we trust, speedily to the desire for more rational and useful importations. They constitute the trinkets and jewelry of Africa, and since the day that Vasco de Gama first visited the eastern coast thousands of tons have been poured into the interior without glutting the market or diminishing the steady demand. The natives rejected the gold and silver ornaments that were offered them by their first visitors, but grasped eagerly at baubles which had no intrinsic worth. Children then, the natives of Africa are children still. A string of bright scarlet porcelain beads excites the same tumultuous delight in Central Africa that a new diamond necklace does in more civilized regions. The passion is common to all classes and to both sexes. There are at least four hundred varieties of beads manufactured for Africa, each of which has its peculiar name, value, and local demand.

The uncertainty of a continued supply of cotton from America has recently been the subject of grave apprehension and of anxious inquiry. Its extensive production in Africa would give an immense impetus to the civilization of the continent. There land is cheap, the soil good, and free labor abundant. Cotton is indigenous in the fertile regions both of Eastern and Western Africa. In the country between Zanzibar and the Tanganyika Lake, according to Major Burton, the shrub grows wild, and the virgin soils of large districts are peculiarly adapted for its cultivation. In a letter which this distinguished explorer recently addressed to a public journal, he enters fully into the capacity of Eastern Africa to supply any demand for cotton that could be made upon it, and particularly specifies the territory lying to the north of Mozambique as far as the equator, and extending eastward from the Indian Ocean to the Ghauts or meridional range of mountains. Throughout the whole of this area the climate is hot and damp, the soil rich, and there is an industrious negro pop-

* Appendix to the Travels of Dr. Krapf on the Commerce of Africa.

† Paper on Northern and Central Africa.

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ulation. He describes the land a few miles from the sea as the property of independent tribes who are settled agriculturists, and the country as traversed by rivers navigable for large canoes, so that the transport would present few difficulties.* Turning to the western coast of Africa, we find proofs of success in the cultivation of cotton as satisfactory as the most earnest friend of Africa could desire; and, inasmuch as the distance from England to the west coast is considerably less than to Eastern Africa (a sailing ship from Liverpool reaching the coast of Guinea in fifty days, while it takes ninety to get to Zanzibar), the former, if it should be possessed of equal advantages in soil, climate, and population, will doubtless be first tried. To those specially interested in this subject we recommend the consideration of a statement recently published by Mr. Buxton, that a promising commencement had already been made in producing cotton on the western coast. Mr. Clegg, a mill-owner of Manchester, encouraged by the success of a philanthropic experiment, sent out several hundred gins to Abeakouta, where they were eagerly purchased by the natives, who thus acquired the art of cleaning their own cotton; and four influential chiefs soon afterwards ordered from England, and paid for, the hydraulic presses which were necessary to prepare the cotton for exportation. It is vain, however, to suppose that without far

* Letter to the *Times*, January 30, 1861.

better security for life and property than generally prevails cultivation can be steadily carried on.

The treatment which Africa has experienced from nations the most advanced in civilization is faithfully recorded in the pages of their history, and its consequences are but too visible in the moral aspect of the great continent itself. The slave-trade is still the gigantic wrong of Africa. Neither treaties, nor denunciations, nor blockading squadrons have been able to suppress it. By a just retribution the evil which civilized countries committed has eaten like a cancer into their own moral and political life. Spain presents a humiliating spectacle of decrepitude and decay. Portugal, whose flag once floated proudly on every ocean, has dwindled to the insignificance of a German principality. We now behold the mightiest confederacy of free states that the world has yet seen shattered by dissensions originating in the "institution" to which one section of the community passionately clings as its greatest good, and in the traffic which the nation has long connived at. England, once deeply stained with similar guilt, now stands almost alone the energetic protector of the negro race, and her commerce and moral ascendancy especially qualify her for redressing the injustice of centuries by raising the people of Africa from their present abject state and giving them a just position in the world.

PITS IN THE CHALK.—A short time ago, being in Buckinghamshire about four or five miles from West Wycombe, I observed a large quantity of block chalk in a field, and some men drawing it up out of a sort of well with a large windlass. They told me it was wanted for building purposes: that the upper stratum was common rubble chalk, of no use to them; and that it was the custom to sink a shaft down to the solid chalk, when they widened the opening in all directions, quarrying out the blocks, and sending them up to the surface. When they had excavated as much chalk as they safely could, they abandoned their mine, which then became a receptacle for any rubbish they might want to

get rid of, and went to another spot, and sunk another shaft. They told me it was a general custom to get chalk in this way where they could not quarry it at the side of a hill or similar situation, and believed it to have been so from time immemorial. The pit or mine was exactly like an inverted funnel; the narrow neck representing the shaft through the rubble chalk. Is not this a simple solution of the origin of those pits which some have attributed to the Romans, and others have thought cloacæ? It is not impossible, however, they may have been made first by that ingenious and enterprising people, and the custom kept up ever since.

—*Notes and Queries.*

DUTCH PICTURES.

NEVER thoughtful, wise, or sainted —
This is how the Dutchman painted —
Glossy satin, all a shine :
Amber rich, as bright as wine.

Red-nosed rascal, cap awry,
Holding flagon to his eye,
Every word a curse or lie.

Utrecht feasts and Zealand dances,
Drunken skips, and reeling prances,
Troopers with red drums and lances,
Gallants robed in purple cloak,
Orange scarfed, who drink and smoke,
Careless what boor's head is broke.

Ladies trim in scarlet boddice,
Swansdown edged, each one a goddess ;
But laughing at an ape—which odd is.

Knives in steeple hats, who lean
Over door-hatch—vine-leaved green—
Gadding round the window screen.

Brutal boors, who strum a lute—
Screw their faces to a flute —
Gray and scarlet each man's suit.

Pipers maddening a fair ;
Mountebanks who make fools stare ;
Drunken fights, with lugging hair.

Cavaliers in silver gray,
Looking, in a sodden way,
At the skittle-players' fray,

Tranquil groups of dappled kine ;
Yellow-red, or dark as wine,
Willows standing in a line.

Long canals 'mid sunny grass,
Where the barges drag and pass,
Stared at by the milking-lass.

Cuyp's rich mellow gold I see ;
Teniers' silver purity ;
Potter's broad serenity—

Jewel color, clear of dye ;
Crystal—tender to the eye ;
Subtle in each harmony.

Glossy satin's rolling shine—
Amber silk, as bright as wine—
Never thoughtful, wise, or sainted—
This is how the Dutchman painted.

—Welcome Guest.

THE STATUE OF HAVELOCK.

THE foot set firm—the hand upon the hilt —
The warrior-gaze, as innocent of fear
As any maid's of shame,—which, past the guilt
And blood and battle, sees the triumph clear ;

Stand so in bronze !—large to thy levelled eye,
In the supreme imperial peril dawning,
"Hoc signo vinces" shines upon the sky ;
And calm as one who knows his Master's
warning ;

Stand thou in bronze !—stand ! what thou wert,
a rock

Whereon rebellion's yeasty billows breaking,
Drove wave on wave,—dashed high,—and from
the shock

Fell back in broken foam ; thyself unshaking :

So stand !—the busy feet of men go by thee,
Each one to-day the safer for that sword ;
Meeanee's just and valiant chief is nigh thee,
The wise physician and the great sea-lord.

Well met in some far-off serenest session,
The unimpassioned rest of good men gone ;
And here together set—love's poor profession,—
In bronzed effigy, and sculptured stone.

O speaking stone, and bronze, cunningly
graven !

To show these Champions of the English
name,

Are men's hearts such, that knave and fool and
craven,

Will pass these daily and be still the same !

Hark you, Sir Placeman ! languidly bestowing
A glance abstracted from your lustrous self,
This man's heroic worth, in cold shade growing,
As he would scorn you, scorned ill-gotten
pelf.

And, true and faithful servant, somehow plain-
ing

That labor multiplies and wage is none,
Read Havelock's history, and thereby gaining
The comfort of his courage, copy one

Who all life's chilly spring and summer dreary
Wrought in pure patience what he found to do,
Possessing his own soul—not once a-weary—
Content, because God was contented too.

Wherefrom he hived the honey which is sweet-
est,

The flower of all the flowers of all a life,
A wisdom so perfected, so completest,
Great soldiers gave him place to stem the
strife,

Which never given, Havelock's highest glory
Had lacked our knowledge, not his Master's
praise,

One splendid page been lost from England's
story,

But not one leaf from his eternal bays.

Go to ! and work—God's servant—serving
men ;

Bethinking how the ranks closed up, and
cried,

"Way for the general !" and his answer then,—
"You have made way, my lads !" *—fair time
for pride.

—London Review.

* "After the victory outside Cawnpore, Have-
lock ordered the assembly. As he passed along
the lines, the men fell in, crying, 'Make way for
the general !' 'You have made way for him,
lads !' was the answer, which was followed by an
instantaneous cheer."

From Once a Week.

THE HISTORY OF A LOVE-LETTER.

"FOUR letters for you, ma'am, to-day," said my maid Bridget, breaking in upon my solitude one morning as I sat busily at work upon a muslin frock, being a gift destined for my little godchild on the approaching auspicious occasion of her completing her third year.

"Four letters!" I re-echoed in surprise, letting the delicate piece of embroidery fall to the ground, while I took them from Bridget's hand. "Why I did not expect one!"

The damsel doubtless thinking that they would themselves be better able to account for their unexpected appearance than she, wisely forebore to attempt it, and, as she quitted the room, I proceeded, after a hasty glance at the handwriting and postmarks borne by the covers, to gratify my curiosity by opening my despatches.

"What can Martha be writing about again so soon?" was my soliloquy ere I commenced reading No. 1. Martha was my only sister, married some ten years before, and the mother of as many children. "Baby" had "cut his first tooth!" He had been longer about the business than any of his nine predecessor babies, and mamma had been fearful his darling gums were destined to prove a physiological wonder by remaining toothless forever! Her anxiety was now happily removed, and she wrote "in haste" to bid me rejoice with her. Although she spoke of haste, her letter consisted of eight closely written pages. She gave in an ascending scale the latest biographies of all her olive branches. Fanny (the destined possessor of the frock) was "growing such a sweet, affectionate child." She was "always talking of Aunt Mary. Did Aunt Mary remember next Thursday would be her birthday?" But I must cut sister Martha short.

Letter No. 2 was an intimation from my Aunt Betsy, a maiden lady, that she proposed shortly to spend "a week" with me, "if convenient." Now, although Aunt Betsy never evinced the slightest satisfaction in my society, though she found fault with every thing in my house and domestic management; yet her "week" was never less than a month, and kept recurring a good deal oftener than I liked; yet for the life of

me I dared not say her visit was not convenient. No, Aunt Betsy knew perfectly well that her proviso was a safe one.

Letter No. 3 was soon despatched, being an appeal in behalf of missions to some distant Borioboola Gha.

And No. 4? Now, as a lady is always supposed, as a matter of course, to reserve her most important intelligence—the *crème de la crème*—for her P.S., so No. 4, though last, will be preconceived not least. And, in truth, No. 4 contained an offer of marriage. Scarcely could I believe my eyes. Hereby, suppose not, dear reader, that I had never received an offer before. Nor, although I acknowledge myself not so young as I had been, suppose not either that I thought it so impossible I should ever receive another. No, there was no gray hair in my head; there were no wrinkles on my brow; I might without vanity deem it possible I should have a lover yet to come. It was not the offer that astounded me, but that Mr. James Warrington should be the man to make it. A clap of thunder is often made the simile of a thing sudden and unexpected, yet the thunderclap is commonly preceded by some darkening of the heavens—some indications of the approaching storm. Mr. Warrington's offer, on the contrary, had been preceded by no sign whatsoever. There had been neither word nor look. I had given him my hand to shake, and had been sensible of no tender pressure. I had met him out walking, and he had passed me with a bow. I had spent many an evening in his company, and he had never offered to see me home. Yet the letter I now received was assuredly signed with the name of James Warrington. Who was James Warrington? Before transcribing his letter I must, to the best of my ability, answer this question for the reader's enlightenment.

Of Mr. Warrington's birth and parentage I knew nothing; of his worldly circumstances, likewise, nothing beyond what he now told me. He had never been a resident in the place whereof I write myself a citizeness, but about six months previously he had paid a visit of some length at the house of some acquaintances of mine in this city. Their respectability was received as a voucher for his. Mr. Warrington was handsome, gentlemanly in manner and appearance, lively and well informed, and he speedily became

a favorite in our circle in C—. He was invited everywhere. Some few persons indeed there were who whispered, "Who is he?" "Where does he come from?" but the questions remained without an answer, and it might have been he had dropped from the clouds, and after inhabiting this lower sphere of ours for a period of some six or eight weeks, had been caught up again by the same elements. I knew of no particular bright eyes that strained their wistful gaze after his flight. I knew of no one tender heart that mourned its sun departed. Mr. Warrington had been universally liked by the ladies, and had appeared to like their society, but as far as my knowledge went, he had quitted C— heartwhole. And now there came this letter for me by the post. It was dated from some street or square in London. Its style I thought singular. It had no formal commencement: thus it began:—

"I love you, Mary, with all my heart and soul, distractedly, devotedly, unchangeably. Forgive this abrupt and incoherent declaration. How long has all utterance been denied me! How often, in the time gone by, when I saw you day by day, and every day loved you more and more, did the words of passion rise to my lips, and I repressed them until my heart wellnigh burst. Did you never read my feelings, Mary? Ah yes, I think you must have done so, in spite of all my boasted self-control. Once, in particular, I wonder if you recall the time [No indeed, I do not], I felt almost sure you had discovered my secret, and there was a look in those dear blue eyes [my eyes are brown, he can never have looked at them well], those dear blue eyes which sent a thrill through me, and inspired me with a hope which has shone before me like a beacon through all this dark night of absence [more like an *ignis fatuus* than a beacon, I'm sure—the vain man—seen in my eyes, indeed]. Yes, Mary [he is very free with my name], I could remain no longer near you without speaking, I could not speak while my worldly prospects were so gloomy and uncertain. I had no fortune; you, too, I knew had none [well, £200 a year is not much, to be sure, but still I think it need not be called nothing by a penniless adventurer]. Poverty would have seemed a light ill to me with you by my side, but I could not bear the idea of your having to contend with all its trials and difficulties. So I tore myself away in silence from the place which your presence made like a heaven to me. Of the fol-

lowing six months I will not speak, save to say that never for one moment has your image been absent from my thoughts. Ah! has my Mary in all that time, I wonder, ever thought of me? [Very seldom, if the truth must be told.] At length, after disappointments numberless, and hopes deferred until my heart was sick, I yesterday received two letters. One was from an influential friend, and contained the information that he had succeeded in obtaining for me an honorable appointment, whereby a competent income was secured me. After a moment's pause of self-congratulation, I opened the second letter, and found myself most unexpectedly the inheritor of a considerable legacy by the will of an old friend of my father, just deceased. Thus was my tongue loosed from its fetters. Mary, I love you with all the fond, deep, and true affection of which a man's heart is capable. Say not, dearest, that the feeling finds no response in your own, suffer me at least to come and plead my cause by word of mouth. You have no parents from whom I must seek to obtain such permission; I do not consider that your aunt has any right to withhold it. I wait, therefore, but your own word to hasten on wings of love and joy to your side. Mary, my own, deny me not. It shall ever be the one dearest aim of my life to make you happy. Adieu.

"Most devotedly yours,

"JAMES WARRINGTON."

I have already said once I could scarcely believe my eyes, and I must say it again. Yet the lines were bold and free, and fair to read. I had had a note from Mr. Warrington once before, when he was staying at C— (a few brief lines of thanks accompanying a book I had lent him), and I remembered the handwriting well. So well that I rejected the idea, which came across me for a moment, that this ardent epistle must be a forgery. Besides, who would play me such an ungentlemanly hoax? I had always lived at peace and charity with all mankind; I knew nobody who bore me any ill-will, and the matter could not be viewed as a simple joke. No, it must be true, Mr. Warrington must be really in love, or really fancy himself in love with me. Strange, very strange,—what could have inspired him with such a passion? Was it my brown, alias blue, eyes? There was a pier-glass over the chimney-piece. I got up to take a survey of my own image therein. What did I behold? A round face, shaded by dark-brown hair; two brown eyes as

aforesaid; a nondescript form of nose, neither Roman, Grecian, nor aquiline, not very obtrusive, nor yet exactly a snub; a rather wide mouth; a set of regular white teeth; a complexion pale, neither brown nor fair. Item, rather a neat little figure. It was not altogether an ugly picture, yet very far from one I should have expected Mr. Warrington to admire. He always struck me as a man who would inevitably select a beautiful woman for his wife. Since to beauty, however, I could make no pretension, it must be some other charm which had procured for me this conquest, and I was utterly at a loss to decide what this might be. Accomplishments I had few to boast, my music was far below the average of a boarding-school miss, and though the walls of my drawing-room were profusely decorated with the works of my pencil, Mr. Warrington had never seen these masterpieces, so I could not owe my triumphs to those Italian skies, purple mountains, silvery streams, and green trees with the nymphs reposing beneath them. I rather prided myself upon my powers of conversation, but these had never seemed to possess much attraction in the eyes, or ears I should rather say, of Mr. Warrington. He talked more to old Mrs. Hearnought, who could only be talked to through a trumpet, and to Miss Thickskull, whom nobody could talk to through any thing but the purest good nature, than he had ever done to me. Ever? No, once, and but once, I recollect my conversation did appear to interest him. It was when I was speaking of ferns. The book I lent him was on that subject. If I married Mr. W. I should certainly choose a bridal-wreath of ferns. Some species of the delicate *Adiantum* or *Maidenhair* seemed by its name peculiarly appropriate for such a destiny. If I married him did I say? Yes, that was the question. Here was I foolishly wasting time in idle guesses as to what could have induced him to ask me, and neglecting the great point whether I should say yes or no. I had no one to consult hereupon but myself. The course of love in my case "hung" not "upon the choice of friends." No, it might run on a smooth and rapid river without danger of meeting any obstacle to its current. Parents I had none. My Aunt Betsy, Mr. Warrington indeed but justly considered, had small right to be con-

sulted; so small that I wondered it had occurred to him to mention her. I recollected, however, that she was spending one of her longest weeks with me while he was at C—, so that he might very probably think she resided permanently with me, or I with her. No, I had no need to ask Aunt Betsy anything about the matter. But did I love Mr. Warrington? I could not say that I did, but I loved nobody else, and might it not be that I only did not love him because I had never regarded him in the light of a lover? Was not Mr. Warrington young, handsome, and every thing that a girl's fancy could desire? Were not his circumstances, according to his own showing, unobjectionable? Was I not often very lonely in my solitary dwelling? Was I not frequently sighing for some sweet companionship? I had lost my mother in infancy, I was but just emancipated from school when my only sister married, and a few months later death suddenly deprived me of my dear father, who was all in all to me. I had then accepted the home Martha offered me, but though always treated with the utmost kindness both by her and her husband, I could not help feeling myself somehow a stranger and intermeddler in their domestic happiness. At the end of a year, I determined to have a home of my own, however lonely and joyless it might be. I came to C—. Friends I had found and kind ones, and the years of my life here had not been unhappy; still I was conscious of something wanting, of sympathies unclaimed, of—of—might it not be in Mr. Warrington's power to make my lot happier? I had been romantic, I had had my dreams of ideal bliss, I was conscious that in all this self-questioning, this hesitation, there was wonderfully little romance. It was not the love I had dreamt of. But time and youth were fleeting, and such dreams becoming more and more unlikely ever to be realized. Still I hesitated what answer to return Mr. Warrington. I was not prepared to write "Come, I await you with open arms," but was it necessary either to do this or to bid him avaunt? Might I not choose a middle course,—the happy medium?

My mind was made up. It wanted a good many hours to post-time, but that was no reason why I should not write my letter at once. I took out my writing-case and a

sheet of note-paper from it. No, five quires for a shilling might do very well for making out washing bills upon, or even for the ordinary purposes of letter-writing; but it was not worthy of bearing the transcript of an answer to an offer of marriage. I placed before me in its stead a sheet of superfine cream laid, and brought my pen to bear upon its smooth surface.

"My dear Sir,"—No, such a commencement was in too marked contrast to Mr. Warrington's passionate address. Those three words would of themselves suffice to give the death-blow to his hopes—he would dash my letter into the fire, having read no further. I took a second sheet, and wrote "My dear James." No, maidenly reserve would not permit me to use such familiarity to a man whom until that very morning I had regarded quite as a stranger. With my third sheet I succeeded better.

"MY DEAR MR. WARRINGTON,—Your letter, this morning received, has surprised me very much indeed. I am, however, deeply sensible of the honor you have done me, and although I cannot at present say that I return the sentiments you have been pleased to express for me, I do not feel that it is impossible I should ever be able to do so. I know you so little, and you, too, know so little of me, that I cannot feel certain that on further acquaintance you might not discover I was not at all what you thought me, that your sentiments for me and wishes might not change. Cannot we meet as friends, without further engagement on either side for the present? On these terms, I should be very happy to see you again at C—. Meanwhile believe me,

"My dear Mr. Warrington,

"Yours very sincerely,

"MARY HENDERSON."

Having read over this epistle, and found nothing to alter therein, I folded it in an envelope, sealed and directed it. Nothing further remained but to carry it to the post, which I purposed myself to do, while taking my usual morning walk before dinner. The next hour, however, put an end to this project. The sky had all the morning been threatening, it began to rain, and soon settled into a determined wet day. Well, no matter, I could stay in and finish little Fanny's frock, and Bridget could take the letter by and by. Talk or think of a certain person, and—my maid's journey to the post was scarcely settled in my mind, when there

came a tap at the door of the room in which I was sitting, immediately followed by the appearance of her round, good-humored face within it.

"Please, ma'am, I came to ask if you'd be so good as let me go home this afternoon. Cousin Richard's just come to say mother wants to see me very much."

And Cousin Richard doubtless wants to walk home with you very much, too, I thought to myself. I had for some time had a suspicion that Bridget had an admirer, and the deepening flush in the damsel's at all times rosy cheeks, as she named the name of Cousin Richard, convinced me he was the man. I was never a hard mistress, and probably the having a love affair of my own on the way, made me look with a kinder eye than usual on that of my domestic. So I said,—

"Very well, Bridget, I have no objection to your going to see your mother. I am afraid though you'll have a very wet walk."

Bridget's home was something more than two miles off.

I did not hear the damsel's answer very distinctly, but I am almost sure Cousin Richard's name was uttered again, together with something about a "big umbrella."

"Very well, Bridget," I resumed, "I have only to say further that I shall expect you back by nine o'clock in the evening, and as you pass the post-office in going, don't forget to post this letter."

Bridget acquiesced with a pleased smile and a courtesy, took the letter from my hand and departed. I then settled myself industriously to work, now and then letting my thoughts follow the rustic lovers under their big umbrella, but more frequently centring them upon Mr. James Warrington and his extraordinary passion for myself. At two o'clock I dined. I had but just finished this meal when there came again a rap at my door, and cook entered (there was no one else to play the part of waiting-maid, now Bridget was gone), bearing a note in her hand.

"Please, ma'am, a servant's brought this from Miss Morton, and is to wait for an answer."

"Miss Morton," I mentally ejaculated, "I trust she's not going to give one of her stupid tea-parties." The note was as usual in her niece's handwriting, but I soon dis-

covered its purport was quite different to that I had so hastily deprecated. Thus it ran :—

"DEAR MISS HENDERSON,—The enclosed came by post this morning, in an envelope addressed to me, evidently by mistake. I hasten to forward it to you, and beg you, in case you should in like manner, as seems probable, have received a note intended for me, to be so kind as to send it by the bearer.

"Ever, dear Miss Henderson,

"Yours affectionately,

"MARY MORTON."

With a presentiment of what was to follow, I hastily glanced at the enclosure.

"Mr. Warrington presents his compliments to Miss Henderson, and would feel greatly obliged if she would kindly inform him of the name and publisher of the work on British Ferns she did him the favor to lend him on a former occasion. Mr. Warrington's uncertain recollection, and his wish to procure the book for a friend, must be his apology for troubling Miss Henderson."

Here was a pleasant mistake! What a simpleton I had made of myself! If it might have been but in my own eyes it would have been tolerable, though humiliating enough. But, alas! my letter to Mr. Warrington was already in the post. Both he and Mary Morton would laugh over my vain credulity. Where was his letter which had so deceived me? It was quickly found. I could have torn it to atoms in my impotent wrath, but the recollection that it belonged of right to Mary Morton, that she had sent to claim it, restrained me. Enclosing it in an envelope in which I scribbled a line to Mary, telling her I should call to see her the next morning, I gave the letter to the servant who waited for it, and was then at liberty to indulge my own reflections, which it will be imagined were any thing but agreeable. I was not of an envious disposition, and could have given up the imaginary lover of some two or three hours without a grudge or a sigh. It was that idea of being laughed at I could not bear. Why had I not guessed the truth? Mary Morton was a very sweet, and moreover a very pretty girl, just the sort of girl I might have imagined Mr. Warrington would fall in love with. She had been a schoolfellow of my own, but was so much younger, that we had never been companions, and while she was Mary to me, I was always Miss Henderson to her. She was

like myself an orphan, and a maiden aunt had taken her to live with her "out of charity." These were the words at least which the elder Miss Morton always used to everybody, although everybody had their own private opinion that never was soul less illumined by the divine light of charity than Miss Morton's, and that the home, food, and clothing Mary received were but poor payment for the labors which were daily and hourly imposed upon her, for the hard words and cruel taunts which were borne with such uncomplaining meekness. I had often thought how glad I should be if that pretty bird might be freed from its present cage, as now it would very probably be, but if these were the first steps towards such a deliverance, they were not at all such as I should have chosen.

Again I asked myself why I had not guessed the truth. But Mr. Warrington had, so far as my observation went, bestowed scarcely any more attention upon Mary Morton than he had upon Mary Henderson, and I could not blame myself for my want of penetration. No, Mr. Warrington was alone to blame. In a matter of such importance, why did he fail to assure himself he had put the letters into their right covers? Or why need he have written that note to me at all? He seemed pretty confident about the issue of his love suit, surely, that matter of the ferns might have waited a verbal settlement on his arrival at C—. He had spoken of travelling hither on "wings," which agents of locomotion it might be presumed would at any rate be not less expeditious than the railroad. A short time ago I had been debating with myself whether I could love Mr. Warrington, and now the question was whether I could help *hating* him.

After awhile this idea came into my head—might I not possibly arrest the progress of my letter? A friend of mine once told me she had effected such a purpose, but then that was in a small country village, where she was well known, and but few letters comparatively passed through the post-office. However, I could but try. It wanted yet nearly two hours to the time of closing. Regardless of the rain which continued to fall heavily, I donned hat and cloak, and soon reached the post-office, but it was a fruitless errand.

"A letter, madam," I was politely in-

formed, "once posted becomes the property of the post-office, which is answerable for its being duly delivered as addressed."

"Well, then," I thought to myself, "there is no help for it. I must resign myself to ridicule, and try to put the best face on the matter, when I go to see Mary Morton tomorrow." All the way home, all tea-time, and all the time after tea, I was revolving in my mind what I should say to her, unable to arrange my thoughts in any satisfactory manner.

As nine o'clock struck, Bridget entered the room to announce her punctual return.

"Well, Bridget," I said, "I hope you have had a pleasant day, and found all well at home."

"Yes, thank you, ma'am," answered the damsel, smiling all over her round pleasant face.

"You put the letter I gave you into the post-office?" Bridget's memory was seldom or never in fault, and I put the question without any doubt of her reply. But, behold, the smile had fled from Bridget's countenance, and in its place was a look of confusion and dismay.

"Dear, ma'am, I am so sorry, but I quite forgot all about the letter."

"Bridget, I could have embraced thee on the spot. Cousin Richard, Cousin Richard, I owe this to thee. Thou hast been a good friend to me this day, and in very gratitude of soul, I will henceforth do all I may to favor thy suit. Bridget shall be half an hour on her errand to the grocer's shop, which is but just over the way, and shall meet no reprimand from me on her return. And should I ever again chance to find the back-door open, and imagine I behold the shadow of thy stalwart form behind it, I will hold my peace to the damsel on the subject of draughts as conducive to that neuralgia to which I am so often a martyr. And in due time (for I have heard thou bearest a good character, and art in receipt of good wages from thy master), I promise a wedding breakfast in this house, and that I will not let the bride depart without some suitable marriage gift." This jubilant apostrophe, I must remark, was in the way of self-communing, and was not uttered aloud in the ears of Bridget, whom after she had returned me the letter from her pocket, I suffered to depart with nothing beyond a consolatory

assurance that the letter was of no consequence, and that she need not distress herself about it. When she was gone I immediately threw it into the burning grate, and viewed its speedy reduction to ashes with no little exultation.

Next morning directly after breakfast, I made my call on Mary Morton, having a motive for going early. I found her alone, and had never seen her look so beautiful. Her features, her form, and her complexion had always been faultless, but there was generally an air of depression and melancholy on her countenance (caused doubtless by the tyranny of her aunt), which was painful to look at. This had now given place to an expression of happiness which was perfectly radiant, and the beauty of her face was by no means lessened by the conscious blush which stole over it at my approach. I went up and kissed her.

"Mary, my dear," I said, "I hope you are not angry with me for having found out your secret. It was not my fault, you know."

"Oh, no! dear Miss Henderson," she returned in a voice which was music's self, "but you won't tell anybody else, will you?"

I vowed to be as silent as the grave. And then I added. "I need not ask, Mary, what the end of it will be, I see by your face that you have not told Mr. Warrington he must clip those 'wings' on which he promised himself such a delightful journey to C—. Don't be angry at my nonsense," I went on, as I saw the blush deepening on her cheek, "I am so glad, and I hope you will both be very happy. But have you sent your letter to Mr. Warrington yet?"

"No," she replied, "it was too late when I got his;" to hear her intonation of the pronoun was worth something. "Aunt wanted me to do something for her, and I had not time to write before the post went out."

"Then, Mary, I have a favor to ask of you. Don't tell him of the mistake he made. He might not like my having seen his letter to you, and I should very much prefer he should not know I had done so."

Mary readily promised. I saw, to my great satisfaction, it had never entered into her head to imagine I should have believed the letter really meant for myself.

"Didn't you guess," she asked, "as soon as you read it, that it was meant for me?"

I believe it was my turn to blush now, but had my cheeks, by nature pale, been like unto peonies, Mary would have had no suspicion what in truth I had "guessed." Perhaps she didn't remember that my own name was Mary. Doubtless also she would have deemed it an impossible thing to suppose that Mr. Warrington should be in love with *me*. After a moment's hesitation I answered,—

"Why no, my dear, I can't say I did. I had never seen any thing suspicious either in Mr. Warrington's behavior or in yours. And you see there was no clue in the name, as I know a dozen Marys in this town, at least half of whom have blue eyes, and Mr. Warrington's acquaintance might very possibly have a wider range than mine. So it was the wisest thing to keep the letter until the proper person sent to claim it."

I shall not report our conversation further. On my return home that morning, I wrote a brief note to Mr. Warrington, giving him the desired information about the ferns. Two days later he appeared at C—. Not only Mary, but Mary's aunt smiled upon the lover, which was perhaps as well, though in Mr. Warrington's opinion it did not signify. That taintful smile made all the difference in Mary's trousseau, which was in consequence a very handsome one. The wedding took place within three months, I was was one of the bridesmaids, and I believe I may truly end my story in the old-fashioned manner, by saying that the married pair lived happily ever afterwards. My own history has likewise since then been a happy one, but that has nothing to do with this "History of a Love-Letter."

WHAT A HUMBLE PHILANTHROPIST DID IN ENGLAND.—On Saturday the body of a well-known and useful philanthropist, always designated "Tommy" Brown, was interred in St. George's Church, Mossley. The body was preceded by the members of the Shepherd's Flock Lodge of the Loyal Order of Ancient Shepherds, of which the deceased was a member, and was followed by a large procession, including several clergymen. The deceased was born at Barrocks, near Spring Cottages, Car Hill, in 1829, and died on Monday morning. In his childhood he was subject to fits, and his intellect was somewhat afflicted. When eleven years of age he commenced, and has ever since continued, to solicit subscriptions on behalf of the poor, walking many miles, after his work, for that purpose, or for the still more gratifying one of relieving the distressed.

The deceased for many years kept an accurate account of his receipts and disbursements, which was regularly audited, and it cannot but be worth recording in the "simple annals of the poor," what may be done by a persevering person who has learned "the rich luxury of doing good." On an examination of the books of the deceased for two years ending January, 1861, it is found that he has collected no less a sum than £77 2s. 10d., in amounts of not less than 6d. nor above 5s.; but he has disbursed in charity the sum of £90 14s. 2d., the difference being made up by smaller sums received by him, and 1s. per week which he contributed from his own scanty earnings. Since the above date he had received, according to his last entries, £4 1s. 8d. and paid £4 2s. 4 1-2d.

MOUNTAIN SCENERY IN PERU.—As a general rule the mountain scenery in Peru is on

too gigantic a scale to enable one to appreciate it. You have to travel over vast wastes before you come upon the lovely spots that nestle in the recesses of the great Sierra. Putting aside such limited scenes as those in the valley of Vilcamayu, or the campina of Arequipa, the most striking general view of the mountains that I can recollect, is from the middle of the desert of Islay. But let no one expect in a tropical climate the more varied effects of European mountain scenery. Out of the temperate zones is found no Monte Rosa "hanging there,"

"Faintly flushing, phantom fair,
A thousand shadowy pencilled valleys
And snowy dells in a golden air."

The traveller rises so gradually towards what appears to be the base of the gigantic range, that without being aware of it he has already passed out of the region of the most beautiful vegetation, and the scene has become bare, and cold, and desolate; whereas, among mountains on a smaller scale, you can approach their boldest passes before you have bid farewell to tree, and flower, and grass. But what is lost in beauty is gained in a conception of grandeur and vastness. Never till you have travelled painfully day after day over some small portion of the far-stretching Andes will you understand what a barrier they are; on what a scale the mountain masses are piled together; or that the vast and desolate pampas over which you have been riding, are simply the dreary gradients to mountain-tops that roll away as far as you can see. And as you ascend the highest passes, still far above you rise the snow-capped peaks untrodden and perhaps unapproachable forever.—*Vacation Tourists and Notes of Travel.*

From The Examiner, 27 April.
THE CIVIL WAR IN AMERICA.

It is impossible to foresee any other than a deplorable immediate issue to the war begun between the citizens of the United States in North and South by the attack on Fort Sumter. Were the consequences less serious we might smile at the details of the act itself: a terrible outpouring of noise and smoke from forts and batteries; a large assembly of ladies seated before the spectacle with opera glasses in their hands; a few stones broken but no bones, and daring services performed under the lively fire of guns that poured out any thing but deadly shot. There had been stir in the navy yards of New York. General Beauregard, therefore, anticipating the arrival at Charleston of six or seven transports with two thousand troops conveyed by three men-of-war, brought to an end Major Anderson's days of tolerance in Fort Sumter, by cutting off the supply of provisions that had been allowed to pass to him, and then calling upon him to surrender. As he could not in honor yield at a word, on the 12th of April—yesterday fortnight—Charleston harbor, which had for some time been arming to the teeth, opened fire on the major in his strong fort, under-garrisoned with about eighty soldiers and thirty workmen, besides being under-armed with only seventy-five out of its one hundred and forty guns. The fort replied to the fire from city and harbor, at first slowly, afterwards briskly, and maintained the duel until next day, Saturday, when the white flag was hoisted, and by the first easy victory of the Secessionists the States of the North were thoroughly provoked to battle.

The quarrel is in itself simply deplorable, an "affair of honor," in which region fights against region, instead of one man against another. If there was no peaceful way to union, surely, there was no way left of securing it by war. What could there be but weakness in the union of States partly composed of a beaten South forced into co-operation with a conquering North; the spirit of the South being, moreover, the haughtier?

It is a civil war without a noble cause to sustain either side; mere acting out upon a national scale, and as a national misery, of the old code of the duellist, who fastens on his friend a challenge for a fancied insult, and whose challenge must, as an affair of honor, be accepted. In the United States such feuds have been too often cruel and deadly between man and man, and we fear that they will not be less cruel when once the weapons are raised between State and State.

From The Economist, 27 April.
CIVIL WAR IN AMERICA AND THE ATTITUDE OF ENGLAND.

THE fall of Fort Sumter must soon, we fear, if we may rely at all on the drift of the recent news, issue in civil war. The rumor that the Southern Confederation intends to anticipate an attack by moving upon Washington is scarcely likely to be true, for President Davis is too sagacious a man to take a step which would so enrage the North as to induce it to enter heart and soul into an internecine contest with the South. If he were wise, indeed, he would not have ventured any active collision at all, such as has taken place at Charleston. It would have been better to trust exclusively to blockade for the reduction of the Federal garrisons in the revolted States. The moral shock of any collision is most dangerous, as the accounts of the frantic excitement in Washington on the arrival of the news of the collision at Fort Sumter and the surrender of Major Anderson, sufficiently prove. It is true that American rage even at its highest pitch usually manages to stop short where policy would direct, and that we in England are exceedingly liable to be deceived by its effervescent symptoms. Still there is now the gravest reason to apprehend a serious civil war; indeed, all the Free States seem already to have intimated to the President, through the telegraph, their readiness to support a war policy; and, if it is prevented at all, it will only be by the unwillingness of the Northern statesmen to risk the adhesion of the Border States by an actual invasion. But if the Southern States should, as is rumored, be so foolish as to take the initiative by invading Washington, they would play directly into the hands of the extreme party in the North. All compunction would immediately be at an end, and in all probability the Border States would themselves be induced by such a step to fight with the North. The situation is very similar to the attitude of Austria and Sardinia. The neutrals will inevitably throw their influence into the scale of the party attacked. Mr. Lincoln, as far as his own popularity and political position is concerned, can wish for nothing better than to be relieved by his antagonist of the responsibility of a decision. His difficulty has hitherto been, that the great power and wealth of the North has been passive, and reluctant to foment a fratricidal strife. But let once the Slave States take the guilt upon themselves, as in some degree they have already done, and Mr. Lincoln would find his hands strengthened and his cause enthusiastically supported by a power such as does not exist in the Southern States at all. We do not believe,

then, in the reported invasion of Washington. A course so blind and insane is utterly inconsistent with the general ability shown by the Southern Government. But we do fear that the strife and defeat at Charleston will render it very difficult for Mr. Lincoln, in the attitude in which he now stands, to evade some attempt at reprisal, and that thus a regular war may soon break out.

Under these grave circumstances it is that Mr. Gregory proposes to ask the House of Commons on Tuesday next to affirm the expediency of an immediate recognition of the Southern Confederation. We can imagine no course more disgraceful to England, or less likely to command the assent of the popular body appealed to. Not that we desire to see a civil war in America, even though the North should be completely triumphant. We have often said that unless there were a Union party in the Southern States considerable enough to make some head even without external assistance, the defeat of the newly confederated States by the North could scarcely lead to any good result. It would be mere military conquest; and a power like the American Union cannot hope to hold together its territory by military force. And seeing that there is, unhappily, but little trace of a powerful Unionist minority among the seceded States, we cannot wish to see a fratricidal strife which would multiply indefinitely the mutual hatreds of North and South, without solving the ultimate difficulty. But this is not the question for us to consider. It has been England's universal rule to acknowledge a *de facto* revolutionary government whenever it has established its practical independence by incontrovertible proofs,—then and not sooner. Whatever be the wisdom or folly of the war which there is but too much reason to believe is now declared between the Federal Government at Washington and the revolted States,—it is not yet begun, or is only just beginning. There can be no question whatever of the constitutional right of President Lincoln to treat the hostile Confederation as a treasonable rebellion, which, so far as it trenches on Federal property and laws, he may resist by force. This is his present attitude. He hopes, however little we may hope, to suppress the rebellion. He thinks, however little we may think, that he shall be able to enforce the laws enacted at Washington, and to redeem the United States property from the hands of the seceders. This may be sanguine; nay, it may even be a mere hallucination. With that we have nothing to do. We profess always to abstain from judging the rights of a quarrel between a people and its rulers, and to guide our conduct by the plain results of

political fact. We are now on the eve of seeing what these results will be. Either war or compromise seems now inevitable. If it be compromise, we shall know how to act. If it be war, we are bound to await the results of that war. A premature recognition of the Southern Confederation would be a departure from the recognized course of England, and could not but therefore express a political *bias* in favor of the seceders.

Now, is it even *decent* to ask an English House of Commons to express such a bias in favor of such a power as that which has its seat of government at Montgomery—a power which is based on slavery as the very principle of its individual existence, and which, though it professes for the moment to have abolished the slave-trade, is worked by men many of whom have openly assailed the laws against that traffic as a gross violation of the rights of the South. The head of the Commission appointed to negotiate with the European powers for the recognition of the Southern Federation, the Hon. W. L. Yancey, of Alabama, has devoted a great portion of his public life to denouncing the obsolete views of Washington and the other great American statesmen of the last century on this subject. The men and the journalists who chiefly instigated secession were most of them deeply pledged to a repeal of the slave-trade laws. It is true that when secession was achieved, they found it necessary as a political measure to put forward more moderate men,—men like Mr. Stephen, of Georgia, who had done his best to arrest the secession movement—and to acquiesce in their counsels. But it remains certain that such papers as the *Charleston Mercury*, and such statesmen as Mr. Yancey were the motive power of the secession movement, and will again become the motive power of a slavery extension policy (which in its turn will require the slave-trade as its legitimate result), so soon as the ends of compromise have been answered by securing the recognition of the new power in Europe, and if it may be so, the adhesion of some of the wavering States. Under these circumstances, we earnestly rejoice to see that Mr. W. E. Forster has given notice of an amendment to Mr. Gregory's motion to the effect that "the House does not at present desire to express any opinion in favor of such recognition, and trusts that the Government will at no time make it without obtaining due security against the renewal of the African slave-trade." Such an amendment will come with the greatest weight from the representative of Bradford,—a town which, though identified more with the worsted than the

cotton trade, still represents fairly the public spirit of our Northern manufacturing interests. The determination of England not to let interested motives interfere with the high principles which she has always shown on the questions of slavery and the slave-trade, could not be expressed more fittingly than by the member for Bradford.

From The Press, 27 April.

WE regret to say that intelligence has arrived from America pregnant with strife and bloodshed. Deeply should we lament such a catastrophe, which we hope and trust may still be averted. It appears to us impossible to reconcile the divided States. Victory on either side will, therefore, be a barren and costly triumph. The Southern States, aware of their own deficiencies, have made great exertions; while the Northern are as yet somewhat supine in their feeling of superior strength, and possibly their consciousness of a better cause. We trust that Mr. Lincoln may be endowed by Providence with the wisdom and humanity to avoid civil war; but we must own that his presidential path is beset with greater difficulties and complications than ever were known even to Washington. Whatever be the issue, the present dark and threatening aspect of affairs in the States gives threefold weight and pressing importance to all that we have urged in this and former articles. And we may add, in reference to the bold enunciation of a contingency which had its birth in the columns of *The Press*—viz., that several of the Northern States may ere long proclaim their return under the sovereignty of these isles as the free choice of a people of a common language, ancestry, and race—that we have since seen many indications of the reality of the foundation on which our assumptions were based.

We are of opinion that war between the States—much and earnestly as we deprecate such a terrible event—will increase the chances of an offer on the part of the Northern States of America to unite with the consolidated Northern Provinces under the time-honored banner of Old England, and thus to defy the world. What honor would accrue from such event both to parent and to child! The States of America, in spite of Mr. Cobden's fallacies, are far more heavily taxed than our colonies. Their progress has tripped itself up in the universal race. Their intellect has not expanded as it should have done. The truth is, it has not had time. There is the raw material of genius, which has never yet been polished or worked up. A period of social and political repose would do wonders in this re-

spect for our transatlantic kinsmen. This, however, is not a point which we have leisure to discuss at the present moment. All we wish to see is, that England should consolidate her own empire in North America, by taking steps which are not only wise but necessary in any and every case,—to defend and maintain her own, or to accept the opportunities of righteous and legitimate aggrandizement which may await her.

From The Saturday Review, 27 April.

AMERICA.

THE attack on Fort Sumter may be explained by the strong interest of the seceding States in provoking a collision. Although the officer in command seems to have sustained the honor of his flag, the result of the struggle could not have been doubtful. The Government of Washington must have foreseen the occurrence, and it has throughout preserved the secret of its intentions with unusual firmness. The telegraphs and the newspaper correspondents have become so far aware of the change as to diversify their positive statements with occasional confessions of ignorance. A small force has been despatched southward, but it has for some time been understood that the Cabinet had abandoned all intention of relieving Major Anderson in Fort Sumter. The remaining alternatives were the occupation of posts on the islands of the southern coast, and the more formidable enterprise of reinforcing General Houston in Texas. In the absence of information, it may be safely assumed that Mr. Lincoln had never any intention of commencing hostilities, though it might be prudent to take up positions which might be serviceable in the event of a collision, while they would have a tendency to exercise a favorable influence on negotiation. Mr. Jefferson Davis has probably a defensive force greatly superior to any army of which the Northern States could dispose for purposes of invasion. On the other hand, he cannot hope to command the sea, and he must be well aware that foreign powers will not be hasty to quarrel on the subject of blockade with the United States. It is said, on doubtful authority, that there is a hope of reconquering the divided population of Texas. General Houston, after ratifying the vote of secession, has disputed the authority of the Convention which was elected for the special purpose of deciding for or against the maintenance of the Union. Northern politicians think that the quarrel between the rival authorities of the State indicates the existence of a strong party, perhaps of a majority, opposed to secession; yet it is clear that the Convention, according to American usages,

represented the popular judgment, and the governor himself, who leads the opposite party, is pledged to the same policy. Even if a schism really exists, it will disappear as soon as either faction receives offers of assistance from the Government of the United States. The people of Texas are not of the straitest sect of political moralists, as they principally consist of daring adventurers, who are at the same time enamored of slavery and willing to carry on a desultory warfare with savages and with half-civilized Mexican neighbors. It is certain that few among their number will sympathize with the Republicans who at present hold office at Washington. General Houston, if he wishes to preserve his influence, will be the first to repudiate the armed alliance of the obnoxious North. Recent events have not encouraged projects for the employment of the United States army in Texas. The respectable Twiggs laid down his arms to the secessionists only a few weeks since, transcending the Floyds and their accomplices as far as a deserter is, in common estimation, regarded as worse than a simple traitor. The astonishment and admiration which have been called forth by Major Anderson's discharge of a plain duty seem to show that little reliance is to be placed on the average officers of the army. The soldiers, who are for the most part either Irishmen or Germans, are not likely to show any patriotic enthusiasm in favor of the service. Any force which might be sent to Texas from the North would collapse and disappear before it could enter on a campaign for the restoration of the former Federal Government. The inhabitants of the State may perhaps require assistance against the Indians and Mexicans, who are said to have lately taken advantage of the distracted state of the Union; but the Southern Confederation will furnish numerous volunteers for a popular war, which may serve as a natural commencement of its meditated conquests in Spanish America. On the whole, it is highly improbable that Mr. Lincoln has sent his available force to a point far removed from the expected scene of hostilities. If the remainder of the South maintains its independence, it will evidently be impossible for Texas to resume its former connection with the Government of the United States.

The other Federal posts in the South will probably share the fate of Fort Sumter. Both the principal parties in the dispute are, with good reason, chiefly anxious to secure the support of the wavering Border States. Virginia and Kentucky can only be kept in the Union by pacific and conciliatory measures; and therefore Mr. Lincoln and Mr. Seward had every reason for postponing a collision as long as possible. Mr. Davis

may perhaps have hoped to effect his object by a precisely opposite course. When blood has once been shed, alliances are determined by the preponderance of interests and sympathies, and not by a judicial estimate of the merits of the ultimate quarrel. Slave States, since the struggle has begun, will not desire to be at war with the supporters of their own institutions. In ordinary times, it would be highly inconvenient to Border slaveholders to live in the neighborhood of an imaginary frontier with free institutions beyond it, and without a fugitive slave-law; but if it is necessary to break with either party, Virginia, as a slave-breeding country, can no more dispense with the cotton districts than the Lincolnshire horse-dealer could do without a market in London. It was, therefore, the interest of the South, and not of the North, to bring about a state of affairs in which neutrals will be compelled to choose their side. For this purpose, it may have been worth while to accept the responsibility of being both really and apparently in the wrong. Another motive for a rupture may have been furnished by the existence of the minority which, according to the sanguine belief of Northern politicians, is inclined to revoke the act of secession. Mr. Jefferson Davis and his colleagues are themselves undoubtedly in earnest, and they must be well aware that a war would at once suppress all difference of opinion. At the time of the revolt against England, a large part of the American population was opposed to separation, but the more numerous or more vigorous section affected to speak in the name of the country, which has since almost forgotten a difference of opinion inconsistent with patriotic traditions. Whatever private hesitations may prevail, the fall of Fort Sumter will be celebrated by all South Carolina with unanimous shouts of triumph.

The English worshippers of American institutions are in danger of losing their last pretext for preferring the Republic to the obsolete and tyrannical Monarchy of England. Till within a few months, they were never tired of pointing to the harmony and perfect unity of a great empire without an army, a navy, or a peerage. When the disruption came upon them unawares, after an interval of surprise and disappointment, Mr. Bright's followers recovered their breath to express their admiration for the mode in which the secession had been accomplished. Industry, they said, went on as before—there was no quarrel, except in newspapers—and the peaceful euthanasia of the Union was the best proof of its sound constitution. Kingdoms and aristocratic Republics, with armed forces at their disposal, resisted with ruinous obstinacy, at the cost of unlimited

bloodshed, the revolt of disaffected provinces. The American Government, on the other hand, had avoided the sin and danger of fighting, because, amongst other reasons, there was no army to fight. Twiggs himself, it might be added, obtained his commission as general, and his appointment to command in Texas, not from a parliamentary kinsman, but only from a Secretary at War who foresaw the necessity for an accomplice in treason. Ordinary politicians doubted whether facility of desertion was, in politics or in nature, characteristic of a high organization. There are reptiles or insects which grow into new units when they are cut in pieces, while warm-blooded animals are liable to die on the loss of any vital part of the system. It now appears that the peaceable completion of the secession has become impossible, and it will be necessary to discover some new ground of superiority by which Mr. Buchanan or Mr. Lincoln may be advantageously contrasted with Queen Victoria. The distinction is not to be found in commercial orthodoxy, for the Morrill Tariff shows that the Republican manufacturers can be as greedy of selfish advantage as the stoutest agricultural Protectionists who were formerly to be found in England. Until the present difficulty has passed away, perhaps it would be convenient to discontinue the standing contrast between English defects and American excellences. Even Mr. Berkeley recited his ballot performance without a single reference to his former transatlantic models.

From The London Review.

AMERICAN PROBABILITIES.

WE explained last week why we felt satisfied that the secession of the Southern States was and had long been inevitable; and it was not difficult to find reasons why both parties, if they were wise, might separate in a friendly manner.

The Southerners dislike the New Englanders and New Yorkers as prigs; they despise them as snobs; they envy them as prosperous rivals; they are irritated by them as wealthy creditors. They resent their suspected interference with the institution of slavery, and they are mortified by their increasing preponderance in Congress. The Northerners, to a great extent, reciprocate the hostile feeling, and are scandalized, if not at the brutal and violent behavior of many of the Southern politicians, orators, and rowdies, at least at the disgrace which this brings upon the American name in the eyes of other nations. Then, again, the Southerners have their own grand dreams of empire—of an empire sustained and

based, like the democracies of old, on the institution of domestic slavery—an empire reaching to the Isthmus, and including Cuba and the Antilles, in which all white men shall be chiefs and privileged rulers, and the only working classes shall be negroes. They wish to be at liberty and absolutely unfettered to carry out these gorgeous visions; and they feel that the Free States, especially as these become more and more powerful in the Legislature, would materially hamper their realization, as well as carry off, perhaps, the lion's share of the profits, and the pride of rule.

Under such circumstances, it is plain that the North would gain little by compelling the adherence to the Union of five or six millions of unwilling citizens, even if coercion on such a scale were possible. But coercion on such a scale never can be possible; and in no instance less than in the case before us, since such an attempt would at once swell the number of the Secessionists by the adhesion of all the Border States to the Southern Confederacy; and in the face of so equal a division, of course, the very idea of compulsion must be abandoned as absurd; while, even without such assistance, it is notorious that the Secessionists are at present much better prepared than their opponents for a conflict. They are united and resolute, while the Northerners are uncertain and divided. They have not only more men now under arms, but they have a far larger *idle* population to recruit from—the “mean whites,” accustomed to fight and bully, inured to hardship, and greedy for plunder and for pay. The North certainly is far richer, and has greater resources in the background, but it is also more busy and more prudent; and, to complete the contrast, the South has over it the fatal though discreditable advantage which, in such cases, the debtor always has over his creditor. The slaveholding States, both publicly and privately, owe vast sums of money to Northern capitalists and merchants, of which, in case of civil war, they will assuredly withhold payment. We, therefore, felt sure that there would be no attempt at coercion on the part of the Northern States; since the mere attempt to coerce must bring on civil war; and since the citizens of the Northern States have too much good sense, to say nothing of good feeling, to encounter a civil war, which would cost them so much, and could profit them so little. If discomfited, they would be disgraced and damaged. If successful, they could reap nothing but a vast harvest of future and ceaseless embarrassment.

The reasons why the Southern States should desire to accomplish their secession peace-

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bly were, in our eyes, not less valid than those which should operate upon the Northern States. And the most cogent of them may be inferred from the statements we have already made of the superiority in riches and eventual resources possessed by the North. Yet we saw that it was not impossible that the angry passions of the Southern politicians might break out in acts of violence; though we hoped for better things, if not from their good feeling, at least from their prudence. But the news brought by the mail, which has just arrived, has dashed those hopes to the ground. We learn that hostilities have actually commenced—that the army of the seceding States, which has long been threatening Fort Sumter, has attacked it with all the forms of war; heavy batteries battered its walls, and, for awhile, the guns of the fort replied with vigor, till at last the heavy cannon of the assailants set fire to the wooden buildings within the fort; then, after a resistance of something less than two days, Major Anderson, the officer in command, was forced to surrender with his garrison.

The secessionists were, naturally, greatly elated at this success; their army was increasing, and fresh troops were swarming into Charleston; the Southern Government had called on each secession State for additional troops; and it was hourly expected that they would proceed to the attack of Washington.

We learn at the same time that, though all business was suspended, and the citizens of the capital, as is natural, were in the greatest state of excitement, yet in the money-market the Government securities had not fallen. Even now we would hope that this may be taken as a sign that in the

opinion of the sounder part of the population, it may still be possible to arrest the war before it proceeds to more formidable lengths, and the fact of success having attended the first efforts of the Secessionists may render such a termination of it more possible than if they had failed. Unless they have very able generals at their head nothing is more embarrassing than rapid success; and a large party will surely be found who will hesitate before they actually attack the capital, rendered sacred as it must be in the eyes of many of them by the venerable name of Washington; and the slightest division or vacillation will give time for the cooler heads on both sides to interpose. The greater the danger, the greater the credit to those who by their wisdom and public virtue may exert themselves to avert it. And American vanity, if, at such a solemn moment, there is any room for such a feeling, may take comfort in the idea that the question of the continuance or cessation of hostilities in these States is reckoned one of the greatest importance in every country in Europe. If England seems to take an especial interest in the question, it is not merely because of the extent to which our commerce is connected with that of America, but because, looking on them as our descendants, we feel our national credit in some degree at stake in the wisdom and dignity of their conduct. This consideration it was that enabled Anchises to speak to Cæsar on a similar subject with greater authority than to Pompey; and his words we, as the mother country, may apply to both the parties in the unnatural strife that threatens to divide them:—

“Tuque prior tu parce genus qui ducis Olympo,
Proice tela manu sanguis meus.”

A MONTHLY review of journalism in France is a new feature in its periodical literature. The first number contains a full history of the *Siècle*, its management, and biographies of its editors. No less than twenty eminent writers are employed on it, each having an appropriate department. Some of the editors have secretaries to assist them. It has besides a large number of reporters, who are styled the rifle battalion. The leading journals of Paris are very ably edited, and their writers are generally learned

and brilliant men, familiar with every thing worth knowing.

In order to advance more readily into Germany, Russia has constructed a “quadrilateral” of fortresses, between the Vistula, the Narew, the Bug, and the Wprez. The fortresses are Modlia, four leagues from Warsaw, Litouski, Tareuse and Demblin. Besides these is the citadel of Alexander, at Warsaw, one of the strongest military positions in the world.

BEAUTY'S ORDERS.

THREE knights are bent at Laura's knee
 And each his suit prefers;
 But all unmoved will Laura be
 To pay their love with hers.
 "Away," she cries, "o'er sea and land,
 Your deeds throughout a year,
 Shall prove who best deserves a hand
 He vows to prize so dear."
 Now, 'tis a duty,
 I have heard,
 To take a beauty
 At her word.

The first went forth with lance in rest,
 And many a foeman found;
 But proud as waved that foeman's crest,
 Its plumage kissed the ground.
 The next unmoored a gallant bark,
 And wooed a favoring breeze;
 He chased each pirate banner dark,
 And swept it from the seas.

For, 'tis a duty,
 I have heard,
 To take a beauty
 At her word.

The third, nor bark, nor sail took he,
 Nor lance in rest he laid;
 But daily swore, at Laura's knee,
 That love his parting stayed.
 And when their year of trial ceased,
 Two champions homeward hied,
 In time to grace a marriage feast,
 To greet a rival's bride.

Still, 'tis a duty,
 I have heard,
 To take a beauty,
 At her word.

—Welcome Guest.

A SAILOR'S WIFE'S SONG.

Oh, bonny is my husband's ship, the ship that
 well I love,
 And welcome are its coming sails, all welcome
 sights above;
 There's not a tarry rope, not a spar that there I
 see,
 Not a deck-plank that he treads on, but it's oh,
 how dear to me!
 Oh, bright, bright was the May-time through
 which he sailed away,
 But to me more wan and dreary than Novem-
 ber was the day;
 O wintry winds, beat keen with sleet, O cold
 seas, rage and foam,
 But calm will be, and bright to me, the day that
 brings him home.
 O Katie, playing on the floor—O Jockie, at my
 knee,
 When father sits beside the fire, how happy we
 shall be!

O babe unborn, that when he comes shall bless
 my happy breast—
 God send my baby safe to me to kiss him with
 the rest.

And many a pretty thing he'll bring for little
 Kate and Jock—
 Carved wooden man and funny beast, and shell
 and sparkling rock;
 A monkey, perhaps, so clever, with Kate and
 Jock to play,
 And a rainbow-colored parrot, that will chatter
 all the day.

Oh, never be a sailor, Jock, to make the angry
 foam
 The terror of a loving wife and babes you've
 left at home;
 And marry not a sailor, Kate, to be his weary
 wife,
 Unless you get one dear as he who's dear to me
 as life.

Move swiftly on, O lonesome hours; tick quicker
 on, O clock,
 And bring the hour when at my breast my baby
 I shall rock—
 When in my arms my blessed babe shall laugh
 and leap and crow,
 And I shall teach its little eyes its father's face
 to know.

O Thou who guid'st the stormy winds—O Thou
 who rul'st the sea—
 O God, look down in mercy upon my babes and
 me:
 Through storms and perils of the deep, oh, hold
 him in thy hand,
 That we may bless thy blessed name when safe
 he treads the strand.

O wives who're blessed with plenty, how little
 do you know
 The blessings that on such as I your riches
 would bestow.
 O John, come back with half enough to keep
 you safe ashore,
 And day and night I'll work, that you may go
 to sea no more.

—Chambers's Journal.

He. Violet, little one mine!
 I would love thee, but thou art so small.

She. Love me, my love, from those heights of
 thine,
 And I shall grow tall, so tall!
 The pearl is small, but it hangs above
 A royal brow, and kingly mind:
 The quail is little, little, my love,
 But she leaves the hunter behind.

OWEN MEREDITH.